



Vol. XXX }
No. 6 }

DECEMBER, 1903

{ 25c. Monthly
{ \$2.50 Yearly

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CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON ★ B. O. FLOWER

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THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY

369 Fifth Avenue

(Windsor Arcade)

NEW YORK, N. Y.



Prospectus for 1904

Arrangements that are already perfected warrant us in announcing as our conviction that in the year 1904 THE ARENA will reach the highest point in general excellence that has yet been attained in subject matter and method of treating the same, and in the wide diversity of topics.

STRENGTH, BOLDNESS AND CONSPICUOUS ABILITY WILL MARK ITS CONTRIBUTIONS.—We hold that there never was a moment in the history of our republic when bold, fearless and authoritative discussions of political, economic and social subjects were so urgently demanded as to-day, and THE ARENA for next year will be found in the very fore-front in its defense of the fundamental principles of free institutions and in unmasking the evils that are threatening freedom and defeating the ends of justice in America. Several papers of a startling character will be strong features of this review and will, it is believed, do much to arouse thinking men and women everywhere to the real perils and imperative duties of the hour. In addition to the important *Political, Social and Economic* discussions which will be so strong a feature of this magazine, each issue will contain essays of special value from foremost thinkers, on *Ethical, Educational, Religious and Philosophical* subjects; and it will be the constant aim to have the discussions such as to awaken life on the higher plane of being and to stimulate vigorous thinking, intellectual courage and moral heroism.

Literary Features of Exceptional Interest.

I. **THE POEMS OF EMERSON**, interpreted by Charles Malloy, the greatest living authority on the poetry of Ralph Waldo Emerson. A series of twelve papers which, while embodying a luminous exposition of the philosophy of life as impearled in these wonderful poems, are also enlivened and enriched with numerous charming anecdotes and personal reminiscences relating to the life and writings of America's greatest ethical philosopher. These papers alone will be worth far more than the subscription price to THE ARENA.

II. TWELVE SHORT STORIES BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEART OF OLD HICKORY." A most popular feature of THE ARENA for next year will be twelve short stories, one appearing each month, by the most popular short story writer in the south and the greatest favorite among those who have contributed fiction to the pages of THE ARENA. This new series of short stories, written expressly for this magazine by Miss Will Allen Dromgoole, when bound in book form will cost \$1.25, or exactly one-half the annual subscription to THE ARENA.

III. DISTINCTIVE AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS A series of bright and entertaining pen pictures of the younger and most promising authors who are distinctly American, and who are in intimate and sympathetic touch with the larger life of the twentieth century.

IV. BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN. A strong feature will also be some critical biographical studies of the master spirits, who, in the realm of conscience and intellect, have left an indelible impress on the world. This series of papers was opened in our October issue by Rev. H. Heber Newton's masterly essay on Emerson the Man. The second paper of the series appeared in the November issue from the pen of one of our rising young Harvard men—Walter Leighton, A.M., and dealt with the life of Henry D. Thoreau.

Some Notable Series of Political, Social and Economic Papers.

There are certain great reformatory or progressive measures that are urgently demanded to meet the changed conditions of the present, all of which are in perfect alignment with the underlying principles of democracy, which must be secured by the people at an early date if the republic is to be saved without the shock of force. Principal among these are (1) the optional initiative; (2) the referendum; (3) proportional representation; (4) public ownership and control of public utilities; (5) courts of conciliation, or peaceful adjustment of internal strife; (6) the election of United States Senators by direct vote; (7) the election of the judiciary by the people. The first two democratic reforms would at once deal a death blow to political corruption and restore the republic to the people, making it again a government of, for, and by the people, instead of a government of the corporations, for the enrichment of class interests by the exploitation of the people. The third would give the minority a voice in public councils—something vitally needed in a free state, for the advance guard is ever in the minority, and only by being accorded a fair hearing can the demands of progress be brought home to the consciousness of the masses.

I. PERILS AND PROMISE OF THE PRESENT. Presidential

years are the most important periods in the general current of a republic's life, because they are characterized by universal political educational agitation. Then as at no other time the rank and file of the people become deeply interested in popular government and vital issues. THE ARENA will publish several series of papers of special interest to all close students of current political history who appreciate the fact that we are in the midst of a political crisis of the gravest character. One essay of this series appeared in November—"Is the Republic Passing?" It is followed by a striking contribution by Eltweed Pomeroy, A.M., President of the National Direct Legislation League, on "The Failure of Representative Government," and an equally graphic and thought-stimulating discussion entitled, "The Republic in 1904," by William J. Hendrick, of the New York City bar, both papers appearing in this number. These papers are typical of the discussions in this series. Some of the papers will, we believe, produce a profound impression on the conscience element throughout the republic.

II. CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

The opening paper of this series has been prepared expressly for THE ARENA by R. H. Halstead, Secretary of the Coöperative Productive Federation of Great Britain and deals with the coöperative movement in Great Britain and Ireland from its inception to the present time. It will be followed by a very thoughtful paper on "Coöperation Among Western Farmers," prepared for THE ARENA by the editor of the *Farmer's Advocate*, of Topeka, Kansas. Other papers dealing with coöperative movements in all parts of the world will make THE ARENA invaluable to friends of this great advance movement on the line of "All for all," which is destined to become one of the most victorious altruistic and yet eminently practical revolutionary steps of the twentieth century.

III. THE JUDICIAL SETTLEMENT OF LABOR DISPUTES. A

series of authoritative papers carefully prepared expressly for THE ARENA by Prof. Frank Parsons, Ph.D., in which all the more notable recent achievements along this line in America, Europe and Australasia will be described.

IV. DIRECT LEGISLATION AND PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

President Eltweed Pomeroy, A.M., will open our series of papers on Majority Rule, to be followed by other distinguished contributors and recognized authorities on this all-important measure. The subject of Proportional Representation will be luminously treated in a series of papers by Robert Tyson, long the editor of the *Proportional Representation Review*. One of the earliest of this series of papers deals with the results of Proportional Representation in Belgium, and appears in this number.

The Other Side.

While we recognize the fact that predatory wealth and reactionary agencies have scores of liberally sustained magazines which monthly voice the plutocratic, imperialistic and reactionary thought, and while THE ARENA stands for "All the world for all the people," or social, political and economic justice born of equality of opportunities and rights, we shall always be ready to give space to able discussions of the other side prepared by recognized authorities and defenders of the present capitalistic régime and reactionary views; for the cause of justice, freedom and equality has nothing whatever to fear from free discussion.

In a magazine like THE ARENA it is obviously impossible to more than hint at the nature and character of papers which will constitute the majority of its essays. But below we give the titles of a few contributions, which, in addition to the papers mentioned in the above prospectus, are awaiting publication. They are all carefully prepared, able and authoritative, yet are interesting and striking presentations of important subjects by careful and representative thinkers:

Political, Social and Economic.

The Supreme Economic Evil.
Industrial Pensions.
The Failure of Representative Government.
The Single Vote in Large Districts.
The Problem of the Tramp.

The Coming Exodus.
Has the 15th Amendment Been Justified?
Militarism at Home.
The Problem of Poverty.
Amos, a Prophet of Social Righteousness.

Educational, Ethical and Philosophical.

The Sane and Simple Life.
Progressive Methods in Education.
Music as a Moral Force.
The First Cause of Divorce.

The Woman's Club Movement.
The Passing of the Home.
The Heroines of Robert Burns.
The Philosophy of Mental Right Living.

Haeckel's Riddle of the Universe.

Editorial.

The "Topics of the Times" will continue to fearlessly expose iniquity and succinctly present the hopeful and encouraging signs of the times. Every effort possible will be made to strengthen this already popular department.

Books of the Day.

Great pains will be taken to make this department invaluable to our thoughtful readers. The book studies which will appear from month to month will in many instances prove a digest of the thought which the volume contains; and the short reviews will be so written as to convey clearly to the reader the character of the contents and the method of presenting the same in the work noticed.

It will be our constant and determined effort to make the coming twelve months the red letter year in the history of the people's great liberal, progressive and reformative review.

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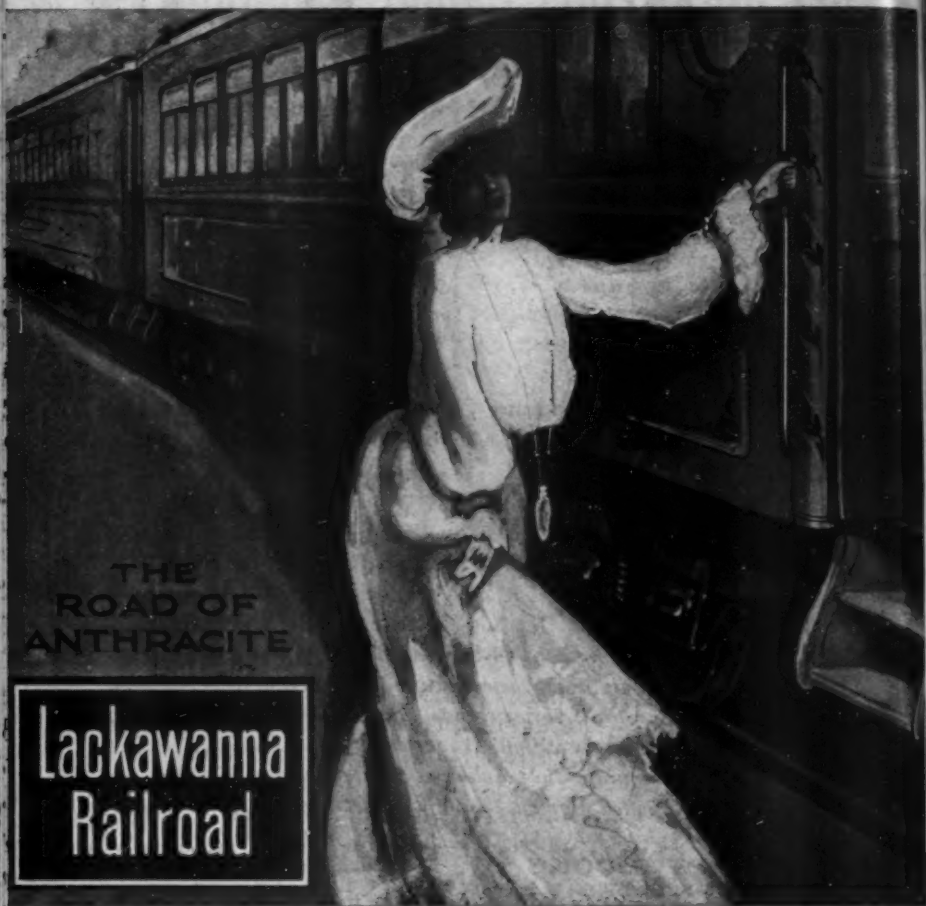
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They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."*

—HEINE.

THE ARENA

VOL. XXX.

DECEMBER, 1903.

No. 6.

THE PARSIFAL OF RICHARD WAGNER AND ITS SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE.

I.

"**P**ARSIFAL" has been fittingly termed the swan-song of Richard Wagner. It is a stately and solemn religious music-drama, in some respects the noblest creation of the master; and the story of its composition is at once interesting to the general reader and necessary to a right understanding of Wagner's position from a religious and ethical view-point. Into the rich fabric of this creation is woven much material that the master intended to use in two great works which at different times he contemplated creating.

As far back as 1848 Wagner conceived the idea of weaving the life of Jesus into a music-drama. For ten years he brooded upon this colossal theme. It was his intention to represent the Great Nazarene as he conceived him—a splendid type of perfected manhood, the crown and blossom of the human family, the ideal man, filled with the divine afflatus to such an extent that for very love he is driven on, through cities, villages, hamlets, and along the highways, searching for the suffering ones of earth, that he may bless, help and restore. He intended to give the world the superb picture of love in-

carnate—a man who shadowed forth the coming man, when love shall rule in every heart.

We do not know whether Wagner ever wholly abandoned the cherished plan of writing this drama depicting the life of the Great Nazarene; but it is probable that when he composed "Parsifal" he had decided that the time was not yet ripe for so radical a work as he had contemplated. On one occasion, many years after he had conceived the idea of creating a music-drama dealing with the life of Jesus, he asked one of his most tried friends what she would say to his introducing on the stage a representation of the Magdalen washing the feet of the Master and wiping them with the hairs of her head. The lady remonstrated very strenuously with him against such an innovation, and it is highly probable that many of his friends sought to dissuade him from composing a work which would represent the historical Jesus as Wagner conceived him, and it is also probable that the musician himself at last realized that should he compose such a work, it would be practically impossible to get it performed, as he would be flying in the face of the strong religious prejudices of Europe, and thereby the hostility of conventional musicians would be reinforced by orthodox Protestantism no less than by Roman Catholicism.

Later in his career Wagner became deeply interested in the legends, myths, wonder-stories, and mysticism of the Far East. The philosophy and religious teachings of India possessed a certain fascination for a mind so tinged with transcendentalism as that of the composer; and while enthusiastically devouring the wealth of Indian literature, he conceived the idea of producing a great religious drama illustrating the life and teachings of Buddha. In his work on Jesus he proposed to illustrate the triumph of life through loving service—service which led the Master to go forth in tireless search for earth's miserables. In his second drama he intended to illustrate another great religious idea which has influenced the mind of millions—namely, triumph or self-mastery through renunciation of the sensuous life—the seeking and finding God through withdrawing from the world, and in exalted contemplation and intro-

spection. This music-drama was to be entitled "The Victors," and it was to deal primarily with the victory of the soul over the illusions or transient joys born of the sense perceptions. Still later, however, while engaged in the Ring cycle, Wagner's mind reverted more and more to a play, the outline of which came to him while he was composing "Lohengrin," and which should concern itself with the central figure in the multitudinous legends pertaining to the Holy Grail. Lohengrin, it will be remembered, was the son of Parsifal, or Percival as it appears in most of the older poems. The latter was the noblest concept of the Christian knight in medieval poetry and was the hero of unnumbered poems, legends, myths, and wonder-stories which flourished during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The composition of "Tristan and Isolde," the Ring dramas, and the "Meistersinger," compelled Wagner to hold "Parsifal" in abeyance; and it was not until after the splendid production of the Ring dramas, in 1876, that he took up his last great work in an earnest and serious way.

In selecting Parsifal Wagner was compelled to present a music-drama in which not only the myth of the Grail was brought prominently to the front, but also the doctrine of the Atonement was necessarily presented as a fundamental fact. This has led to some controversy among the friends of the great composer, who seem at a loss to understand why Wagner, holding the views he held in regard to the Great Nazarene, should apparently accept without reservation the doctrine of the Atonement. It is, however, only necessary, I think, for us to bear in mind the fact that Wagner's great ethical and religious lessons are not found in the local color, in the superficial thoughts or ideas of his characters, which in many cases merely reflect the opinions, superstitions or concepts dominant at certain periods. They are to be found rather in the profound symbolism illustrating vital ethical truths which concern man in his relation to man, as a child of the Infinite, and as an interdependent unit in the vast ocean of life.

It is a fact worthy to be remembered that the legends, myths

and wonder-stories, which in some form or another are present in the literature of all the great peoples of earth, and which persist in essence, though frequently changed in form, through successive civilizations, are no less vibrant with fundamental ethical truths than they are rich in illustrations of the great passions, virtues, and vices which are the glory or the destruction of individuals, nations, and races.

It was the recognition of these facts which led Wagner in the creation of his masterpieces to draw his material almost exclusively from myths and legends. Hence, when he selects Parsifal, he is compelled, in order to be artistically true, to reflect the dominant thought and ideal of medieval knight-hood as exemplified in the Grail legends, just as he reflects the local color and is true to the story of the Flying Dutchman and his other works drawn from myth and legend.

With this fact in view we can readily see how Wagner, with his conception of Jesus being diametrically opposed to that entertained by the authors of the Grail legends, nevertheless employed the great and fascinating medieval romance to illustrate the cardinal lessons for man to learn in his upward progress, such as the supreme need of compassion in the human heart (that loving pity so beautifully illustrated in Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal"), the need of service and the mastery of the lower self, or the victory of the spiritual over the sensual.

The legends ascribing talismanic or life-giving power to certain objects by the presence of which a king mortally wounded was restored to health, seem to have been of Celtic origin. Gradually the pagan wonder-stories and legends were transformed into Christian tales, and so far back as the eighth century some of these were sung by wandering minstrels. Later the troubadours entertained the courtly knights and great ladies with songs bolder in conception, sweeter in melody, and more finished withal than the meager tales of the minstrels. But it was not until the twelfth century that the Grail poems were well developed and elaborated. In this century two groups of romantic legends appeared in poetic form. One

deals with Percival, or Parsifal, as the heroic central figure, and the other with Galahad. Kyot's poem dealing with the former, and Walter Map's dealing with the latter, seem to have gained the greatest currency during the early part of the twelfth century; but after these creations came the "Percival" of Chrestiens de Troyes, and the really great "Parcival" of Wolfram von Eschenbach. In the fifteenth century Sir Thomas Mallory translated "The Quest" into English prose, and this formed the basis of Tennyson's popular "Idylls of the King."

Of all the Grail poems of the Middle Ages that of Wolfram von Eschenbach was incomparably the greatest. It was highly poetic and revealed a rich imagination, while its religious spirit was broad and fine. It was vibrant with living truths and vital lessons. A noble mysticism pervaded it, not marred, as in the work of Walter Map, by a servile worship of sacerdotalism. Wagner drew largely from this poem in the creation of his "Parsifal," but the great composer took liberties, as did the minstrels, troubadours, and poets, with the legends that preceded them. Especially is this true of the places where Wagner introduced matter that had long lived in his imagination and which he had proposed to employ in the two religious music-dramas which he had previously conceived.

As early as the time when "Lohengrin" was composed, its author had been impressed with the wealth of truth and helpful inspiration to be found in the religious legendary romances of the Middle Ages; but it was not until much later that he came under their influence in a compelling way. As he advanced in years, however, he came to feel how little and empirical are the triumphs of the outer life—triumphs which do not deepen, enrich or move the higher nature. He came to feel that spiritual supremacy, or the losing of the little life that sees nothing larger than a sensuous existence offers, was to gain life in its large, true, and essential meaning. His years of suffering had brought him very near the heart of the Infinite and had taught him the value of service and sacrifice, and it had also awakened the sleeping God within until his heart

went out in that yearning sympathetic compassion born of love alone.

The Grail legends, in spite of the exaggerations and superstitions which are characteristic of wonder-stories born in childhood and credulous ages, like the myths of all peoples who possess a positive ideal, were pregnant with vital and inspiring lessons; while moving through the medieval romances of "Parsifal" was the colossal living central figure, the type at once of the human soul and humanity in the rise from darkness, ignorance, and savagery into light, knowledge, and love.

Richard Wagner saw in the Grail legends that clustered around Parsifal foundation material for a work which, while appealing with great force to the imagination and emotions, would stir and move the deep moral and religious sensibilities of the healthy mind. He also saw how into the web and woof of this work he could weave many of the messages he had hoped to carry to the conscience of the world in the more ambitious creations he had once contemplated. The great composer was nothing if not a teacher; but he was too much of the mystic and philosopher to make the common mistake of schoolmen and educators, and imagine that intellectual training alone could make man either virtuous or happy. He knew that the soul had to be moved, that the deep well-springs of the emotional life must be stirred, before the real self realizes life's august lessons and realities. He knew that the severe school of experience is usually necessary to develop a high, fine and robust character or to make man loving and deeply compassionate for others; but he also believed that the necessity for man spending a great portion of life in the hard school of experience was largely due to the fact that all our educational systems of the past had chiefly sought to train or school the intellect. He believed that by appealing to the imagination, the reason, and the heart in a compelling way, the sleeping Divinity in man could be awakened, and that hand in hand with the growing intellect would go the ripening and developing soul—the only union which can insure greatness and goodness, that can make man a help and a blessing to all, or that can bring into the in-

dividual soul the deep content that transcends words and sounds the depths of joy. This supreme fact, which alone can rescue man or society from the sordid materialism of the market, grew upon Wagner's consciousness during the last half of his life and led to its ripest expression in his last and in some respects greatest creation.

II.

The story of "Parsifal" as told by our composer is briefly as follows:

In the mountains of Southern Spain stood the noble castle of Monsalvat, where dwelt the knights of the Holy Grail. The Grail cup, according to the Christian version of the legend, was the one which Jesus used at the Last Supper. It came into the hands of Joseph of Arimathea, who caught in it the blood which flowed from the pierced side of Jesus on the Mount of Crucifixion. Joseph also, according to the Christian version, obtained the spear of the centurion who pierced the Saviour. These treasures later came into the keeping of the pure and consecrated knights of Monsalvat.

The Grail possessed miraculous powers, one of which was to sustain life; and as its fame was noised abroad many knights journeyed to Monsalvat. Only the pure in heart, however, might enter. Among the pilgrims who were turned away was one Klingsor. He had sought admittance from selfish and ambitious motives, and when the door of the castle closed against him he vowed to make war upon the holy brotherhood until he had overcome the knights and gained possession of the Sacred Spear and the Holy Grail. To further his base designs he leagued himself with the evil powers of the universe, and against the exalted love and pure aspirations of the knights he pitted the seductive influence of sensuality, aided and reinforced by black magic.

Klingsor was assisted in his evil work by a wonderful woman named Kundry, who in an evil moment had committed a grievous sin which rendered her vulnerable to his spells. She

was, however, under his influence during certain periods only, and when free from the thralldom which was revolting to her she spent her time serving the Knights of the Grail and in seeking to atone for the evil she had wrought.

(It should be observed here that Wagner in his characterization of Kundry departed radically from Wolfram von Eschenbach's rendering, as the poet represented her simply as a messenger used by the Grail Brotherhood to communicate with the outer world.)

From time to time the Knights of the Grail were lured into the enchanted garden of Klingsor. Here every witching influence that could appeal to the animal appetites and desires was brought to bear upon the new comers. Beautiful maidens, garlanded with rare and fragrant flowers, appeared in the gorgeous gardens. The air was soft and heavy with perfume. Sensuous music worked its spell, and a hundred things conspired to seduce those who entered to lay aside their weapons and dally with the sensuous life around them. If the lesser temptations failed, however, Klingsor summoned Kundry, who under his magic influence appeared as a maiden, fairer than eye had ever seen before, and who knew as did no other one how to lead men into the thralldom of passion.

One day Amfortas, the king or head of the Holy Brotherhood, determined to attack and vanquish Klingsor, who was overpowering so many of his noble knights; and in order to be invincible, even against the magic of Klingsor, he armed himself with the Sacred Spear. On arriving at the magic garden Amfortas was assailed by the maidens, but resisted their influence and advanced toward the tower in which his adversary dwelt.

Suddenly Kundry appeared before him, a phantom of unearthly beauty. She arrested his steps, wooing him with words that awakened a thousand tender memories, that thrilled his being as enchanted music, and that fired his blood as liquor from the flagons of Bacchus.

Instead of pressing forward to a knightly encounter which must have destroyed the evil one, Amfortas tarried with the

sorceress, though he knew full well that she was sent there to compass his undoing. At length the sensuous charms of the enchantress proved irresistible, and the king threw aside the Spear to embrace the temptress. Klingsor, who had glided toward them during the parley, instantly leaped forward and seizing the Sacred Spear thrust it into the side of the king, who fell in a swoon.

His knightly companions dragged him from the garden and bore him to the castle, where remorse for the loss of the Spear through his fall, and a terrible and unceasing burning in the wound henceforth filled the days and nights of Amfortas's life with unutterable agony—an agony which was greatly intensified whenever he uncovered the Grail, as it was his duty to do at intervals. One ray of hope was given to the wounded king. This heavenly message came in answer to his prayer:

"Wait for my chosen one,
Guileless and innocent,
Pity-enlightened."

This hope sustained the wretched sufferer through many weary months which slowly passed without the appearance of the "guileless one."

Before the curtain rises on the opening scene of "Parsifal" let us call to mind some things connected with the fascinating legend as given by Wolfram von Eschenbach and his predecessors; for in the best constructed dramas it is possible only to group certain facts and present a few crucial episodes in a life or a passage of history.

Parsifal, according to the Grail legends, was the son of King Gahmuret and Queen Herzeleide. The king had been a brave knight of the Crusades, but he was slain in battle. The Queen determined that her son should not share the fate of her husband and so many of her kindred who had fallen in knightly encounter on the battlefield. She therefore fled with him to a little frequented forest, far removed from lordly castles. Her only neighbors were humble, simple folk, and here in comparative seclusion the boy grew to youth. He

became expert with bow and spear. In the deep recesses of the forest he brooded over the mystery of life. The beauty of the flowers and of nature in her manifold moods were sources of unfailing joy to him, for he possessed the soul of a poet. The songs of the birds constantly excited his wonder, and one day he killed some feathered songsters; but when he found them inert and no longer possessing the power of song, he burst into tears and brought them to his mother.

One day some knights with shining armour journeyed through the wood. Parsifal saw them with strange emotions welling in his breast. He thought they were gods, and kneeling in the roadway asked their blessing. The strangers explained that they were not gods, but simply knights. They told him something of knighthood and dwelt at length on King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

When they passed the youth hastened home to his mother, his whole being thrilling with new and strange emotions. "Mother," he cried, "give me a horse and armour; I am going away to be a knight."

In vain she sought to dissuade him, but at length she resolved to deck him in motley garb and so to mount him that he would be derided by any knights he met. "Perchance," she said, "his reception will be such as to lead him to return to his home for rest and comfort."

Vain hope! The youth, clad in a meal-sack, with calf-skin leggings, and mounted on a disreputable-looking old horse, went forth. So absorbed was he in dreams of feats of valor that he forgot to say good-bye to his mother, whose whole life was centered in her son. The shock occasioned by the boy's thoughtlessness caused the death of Queen Herzeleide.

It will be noticed that the early picture of Parsifal represented a youth guileless but thoughtless. Hence he was often called the Guileless Fool. He was not heartless, and in him were no cruel instincts, which did not, however, save him from doing much harm.

At length Parsifal approached Camelot, where dwelt Arthur and his court. Near its gates he was accosted by the Red

Knight, Ither, who prayed the youth to carry his challenge to King Arthur. This Parsifal gladly did, and entering the hall of the king he threw the Red Knight's gauntlet at Arthur's feet. Then kneeling, he prayed for armour and weapons such as befitted a knight.

The advent of the youth clad in motley raiment was the occasion of much merriment and some scorn and indignation on the part of the knights and ladies. The noble king bade the youth wait until the morrow, when he would provide for him; but this Parsifal was not willing to do. "Let me," he cried, "go forth and attack the Red Knight, and I will take his armor from him." The king demurred, but he persisted and at length Arthur consented.

Knights and ladies crowded to the window to see the rash and simple fool go forth to his destruction. Among the ladies was Lady Kunneware, who had never been known to smile. Now she laughed outright, at which some present started, for they remembered a prediction that the lady would never smile or laugh until she beheld the greatest knight in all the world.

Parsifal, like David when he went against Goliath, upset all predictions. He slew the Red Knight. Later he rescued the Lady Kondwiramur from great peril, and winning her heart became her husband. To the love of this devoted and beautiful lady Parsifal was ever constant in an age and at a court where fidelity to the marriage vow was lightly held. His purity of heart and loyalty to the woman of his soul's choice in the midst of the greatest temptation is one of the things which make the character of Parsifal so attractive to all high-born souls.

Galahad was pure; but Galahad stood apart, passionless, or at least lacking in the mighty passions and emotions which move and sway the human heart. Parsifal, on the other hand, was intensely human. His life is the gradual unfoldment, the slow and steady evolution of the thoughtless and innocent youth into the wise, pure and pity-enlightened type of normal manhood, whose victories have only been won and whose

supreme attainments reached after a stormy life, marked by many failures before the God within was awakened, but in whom there was never treason to the divine voice after its promptings were recognized.

From the ideal union of Parsifal with Kondwiramur sprang Lohengrin.

This brings us to the opening scene of "Parsifal" as given by Wagner; and it is only necessary to observe that from the time when the "guileless one" failed to show solicitude for the wounded king, because he was not yet "pity-enlightened," until he returned many years later, the intervening space had been filled with a life of conflict as well as wanderings. Many had been the terrible encounters, but never had he been false to his high ideals. He was "greater for every yesterday," and in the hard and bitter experiences of life he had steadily grown Godward, because his eyes had been riveted on the heights.

III.

Wagner's "Parsifal" opens at dawn. The rising curtain discloses a beautiful landscape. It is summer in the subtropics. The eastern sky is streaked with gold, and each moment the brightening scene warns us of the coming of the sun. Under a stately tree is seated Gurnemanz, one of the noblest of the Grail Knights. He it was who rescued Amfortas when he fell under the spear-thrust of Klingsor, and among all the knights of Monsalvat he is accounted the wisest. Gurnemanz is engaged in conversation with two youthful companions.

Suddenly the solemn reveille sounds from the tower of Monsalvat, while the sun steals over the mountain and floods the landscape with added splendor. After a few moments of silent prayer the knight and his companions resume the conversation in which they were engaged when the reveille sounded. They are talking of the wounded king and of the pall-like influence that his unremitting sufferings throw over all within the holy retreat. Suddenly the galloping of a steed is heard, and a

strange, weird woman enters with balsams from far-away Eastern lands. It is Kundry, who being released from the spell has engaged, as is her wont when free, in service for the Grail fellowship.

Now, however, the attention of the auditor is attracted to Amfortas, who enters borne on a litter. He is *en route* for his morning bath. The suffering of the king seems all the more poignant to the spectator from its contrast with the free and joyous carol of birds, bees and insects in field and forest. Scarcely have the king and his suite disappeared before a wounded swan floats down and falls dead at the feet of Gurnemanz. It has been pierced by an arrow, and the slayer is soon brought in. He is a handsome youth, though clad in strange attire. He knows not that he has committed a great wrong until Gurnemanz upbraids him. Then in remorse he breaks his bow and spear and casts them from him.

Kundry knows the youth, and she recites facts about his life and his mother of which Parsifal—for it is he—knows nothing. Here for the first time also the youth learns of the death of his mother. Beside himself with grief and love for the parent who is no more, Parsifal suddenly turns upon Kundry, but is restrained from doing her violence by Gurnemanz and his companions.

There is something about the youth which leads the wise old knight to believe that Parsifal may be the fool or "guileless one" who is to save Amfortas. He takes him to the castle, when, amid solemn and splendid ceremonies, the Grail is uncovered. The spectacle is very impressive, but the acute suffering of the king pierces the hearts of the knights, and old Gurnemanz is well-nigh distracted when Parsifal wonderingly views the scene, but is not moved by the agony of Amfortas. He is not yet "pity-enlightened," and the old knight drives him forth with scant ceremony.

The experiences of Parsifal immediately after he has been ejected from the Grail castle and before he visits the magician do not appear in Wagner's drama. Yet it is well to call to mind the fact that on leaving the castle Parsifal encounters

one Sigune. She has often counselled and instructed him before, and he has come to regard her in a certain sense as incarnate wisdom. She tells him the story of Amfortas's fall and his terrible sufferings, and of the message which came to the king as when praying he gazed on the Grail.

"Many noble knights have sought Monsalvat," says Sigune, "in the hope of delivering the king, but unless one is pure in heart the castle is invisible, for the first requisite of one who is to save Amfortas is guilelessness. That, however, is not enough; the heart must be enlightened by pity or divine compassion, which goes out in love for every suffering one. This pity-enlightenment will lead the guileless one to think first of the suffering king and to ask the nature of the wound, in the hope that he may find means to cure it; and this asking will open the door for Amfortas's recovery."

Humiliated and abashed, Parsifal tells his friend that he has been admitted to the castle, but that the wonder of the externals so absorbed him that he did not think to inquire the cause of the human anguish that was before his eyes. Sigune in turn tells him to depart. While he lacks in love he cannot hope to tread the royal highway.

But her words have served to enlighten Parsifal to a certain degree. His soul is filled with grief and humiliation. Henceforth he determines to seek the restoration of the king, but on turning toward the castle nothing is visible to his eyes. Monsalvat has disappeared. What then remains? Klingsor, the enemy of goodness, still possesses the Sacred Spear with which he had wounded Amfortas. Parsifal determines to carry forward the work which Amfortas sought to accomplish. This at least will make him more worthy. He will also seek the Sacred Spear, for it is said that the touch of its point will heal the wound.

The second act of "Parsifal" reveals Klingsor consulting his magic mirror. He sees Parsifal approaching, and divines his purpose. He determines to overpower him as he overcame Amfortas.

Kundry is summoned and informed of the young knight's

approach. She is commanded to seek and accomplish his fall by appeals to his sensual nature; but Kundry, though only half awakened, for a time resists the magician's spell. She struggles to free herself from a thralldom hateful to her soul, but in vain. Soon she sinks into a profound trance.

Parsifal on reaching the outworks of the castle encounters the magician's retainers, whom he beats back. Then all is changed. A marvelous transformation scene ensues. The battlements and towers sink from view, disclosing a garden of more than tropical beauty and luxuriance, through which flit garlanded, nymph-like maidens. They surround Parsifal and exhaust their wiles in efforts to lure him from his purpose. The beauty of the scene strikes the youthful knight with wonder and admiration; but it is soon apparent that it will take far stronger fascinations than the maidens have at their command to draw him into sensuous snares.

While he stands lost in wonder at the bewitching beauty of the garden, he suddenly hears his own name called in a voice that awakens the tenderest memories: "Parsifal! Parsifal!" How often in the vanished years he had heard that voice, when as a careless woodland boy he ran to his mother with every trouble and perplexing doubt.

The screen of roses disappears, and before the youth on a flower-decked bank is a woman of unearthly beauty—a woman that calls to the imagination the form and features of fabled Venus as she might have appeared on Olympus. She it is who is calling his name in the voice of his mother; and now she seeks to win the youth by first telling him of his mother's love for him and of her death.

Nothing could have so moved Parsifal at this time as this story, ending with the death of the devoted and broken-hearted parent, caused by his apparent lack of love. But nothing could be more fatal to the purpose of the enchantress—or rather to that of her master—than calling to Parsifal's mind his innocent boyhood with his mother, whom he should never more behold on earth; and when Kundry reaches the dramatic climax with the announcement, "And Herzeleide died," the

stricken knight cries out, "Blessed Mother, could I forget thee?"

The storm of passion which now shakes the form of Parsifal is born of mingled love and remorse. The infinite love and tenderness of his mother in by-gone years is remembered, her mingled amazement and grief at his lack of love, her death through his indifference; and this bitter thought reminds him of his lack of love in the Grail Castle. He might have saved Amfortas had he been less absorbed in self. Had his eyes been open to human sorrow instead of engrossed with the beauty of sensuous objects around him, the supreme opportunity to bless and heal the king would have been improved. The remembrance of Amfortas calls to Parsifal's mind also how and where the king fell.

Thus while the deepest and noblest emotions of the youthful knight are being stirred, Kundry is proceeding from describing the love of the mother for the son, which she introduced in order to gain Parsifal's attention, to the love which his father bore Herzeleide. And now she offers to console the grief-stricken youth with love which she falsely describes as like that which Gahmuret bore his wife. She kisses Parsifal, but the embrace serves to warn him of his danger. Even the strong and tumultuous feeling awakened reminds him of Amfortas's wound. He recoils, and, when the enchantress places her second kiss on his lips, he springs up and flings her from him.

"The might of sensuality, which lost Amfortas the Sacred Spear, has been met and defeated."

In this strange life of ours there come at times, and frequently when least expected, great crises or crucial moments when the choice means the shaping of life—means, in a word, victory or defeat; and at such times, unless the soul has been well trained and disciplined, unless conscience has been treated as a royal guest, the individual is either blind to the opportunities offered, or too completely under the thrall of the senses to rise superior to temptation.

One of these great crucial moments has now come to Parsifal, and this time he heeds the divine voice in his soul. The

choice is made between the light and the darkness, between the upper and the lower pathway. The moment Parsifal flings Kundry from him and boldly meets temptation with the determination that brooks no parleying, he feels the supreme joy that ever comes to the soul when the spiritual triumphs over the animal in a crucial moment of life. The peace of God is his. Nor is this all; for before him Parsifal seems to see the Great Nazarene Himself. "I see Him!" he exclaims.

Kundry feels her power is broken, and she now launches at him a curse, or rather may we not say, having the clairvoyant vision she sees Parsifal wandering and vainly seeking Monsalvat that he may save the king? Be that as it may, she utters a prediction that he shall wander forth, vainly seeking the castle of the Grail; and seeing that he does not heed her she calls her master, who now appears and hurls the Sacred Spear at Parsifal. The knight, however, has not sinned. The Spear remains suspended over him. Quickly seizing it he makes the sign of the cross, and instantly, as by an earthquake shock, the walls and battlements are shattered and wrecked; the flowers are blasted, and where were beauty and life, now only desolation and death appear. Holding aloft the Spear, Parsifal turns to Kundry, and exclaiming, "Thou knowest where we shall meet again," disappears over the shattered battlements.

The third act of "Parsifal" discloses a beautiful summer scene near the castle of Monsalvat. It is Good Friday morning, and nature seems in joyous mood. Not so with man. The musical prelude which so strikingly emphasizes the dominating notes in Wagner's dramas, speaks of pain and of hope long deferred.

Many weary years have slowly waned since Parsifal rescued the Spear. Gurnemanz, who is now discovered, has become an old man. Time, sorrow and disappointment have crowned his head with snow and have furrowed his thoughtful face; for the day has long passed since he and the other knights have drawn inspiration from the Holy Grail. So great was the suffering of Amfortas each time it was uncovered, that he at

length refused to administer his holy office. And with the inspiration and sustenance which were the life and strength and power of the brotherhood withdrawn, the knights lost their old-time fire, enthusiasm, and courage. They no longer sallied forth to right the wrong, revenge injustice, and succor the defenceless. Many of their number had left the castle, and a profound inertia seemed to have settled over the rest.

Gurnemanz, no longer able to bear the anguish of Amfortas, has withdrawn to a little hut not far removed from the palace. This cottage appears in the background of the stage. The aged Titurel, no longer sustained by the Grail, has succumbed. His funeral is to take place on this Good Friday morning, and Amfortas has at length consented to once more unveil the Grail.

A moan is heard behind the cottage of Gurnemanz, and from a thicket Kundry emerges. She has just awakened from a trance. During these weary years she has been engaged in tireless service for the Grail brotherhood, seeking so far as lay in her power to atone for the evil she has done. The keynote of her life is service, and no sooner does she appear upon the stage than she emphasizes this thought by her action. Taking a pitcher, she goes to the sacred well, fills it with water, returns, and then busies herself about the cottage.

The quiet of the scene is suddenly disturbed by the entrance of a knight of commanding mien, clad in dark armour and bearing a long spear. Gurnemanz reminds him that it is not fitting that he should wear his armour in the precincts of Monsalvat, and especially on the most holy of all days—Good Friday. The knight meekly heeds the old man's counsel, after which he plants his spear in the earth and devoutly kneels before it. Gurnemanz and Kundry eye him closely. Soon the old knight recognizes the spear, and Kundry sees in the stranger the "guileless one" of the old time.

Parsifal has grown into well-rounded manhood. His face resembles Leonardi's Jesus, revealing a great soul perfected by much suffering and mighty temptations overcome, and in whose eyes the peace of Heaven and a deathless love for all that live are mirrored.

Gurnemanz is overjoyed at the return of the knight with the Sacred Spear, for now he feels that the long night-time for them is past, that his royal master will be restored; and in pathetic tones he informs Parsifal of the sad changes which have come to pass, describing at length the sufferings of the king, the death of Titurel, and the departure of the strength and glory of the old days from the knights of Monsalvat. Again Parsifal feels the sting of remorse which has gnawed into his heart these many years, and so profoundly does the recital take hold upon his emotions that he almost swoons. Kundry brings water in a basin and washes the travel stain from his feet.

Then follows the bold and striking scene which Richard Wagner had long years before determined to introduce as a stage tableau in his contemplated music-drama dealing with the life of Jesus. Kundry pours oil from a golden flask over the feet of Parsifal and wipes them with the hairs of her head, while the aged Gurnemanz anoints his head with oil, as the order has been given that he who rescues the Sacred Spear shall reign as king over the Grail brotherhood.

This splendid opportunity for a striking and impressive stage picture naturally appealed to the artistic soul of Richard Wagner; and it is difficult to imagine a more beautiful scene or one better calculated to live in the memory than is here presented. Parsifal is clothed in white, typifying the victor. His long, wavy auburn hair falls lightly on his shoulders. The aged knight is clad in the rich templar robes of red and blue; Kundry is weeping at the feet of the newly anointed king, while the background of the tableau reveals nature in peaceful glory.

Parsifal now proceeds to baptize Kundry, and then he simply and with infinite tenderness impresses a kiss on her brow. Ah! how different from the burning kiss of passion given him, when in the magician's garden she strove to lure him from the path of virtue. Even then, though so completely under the spell of Klingsor, Kundry dimly felt that Parsifal was to be her saviour, and when she pleaded with him she urged that his love would release her from the curse. Then Parsifal had

promised to help her if she would aid him to restore Amfortas. "But," said he, "not in thy way, but in the Lord God's way."

And now the promise is fulfilled. For the first time in her long, long life, since she came under the baleful influence of the curse, Kundry is able to weep, and her tears are those of joy rather than of sadness. Now, too, for the first time tranquility is stamped upon her countenance, showing the presence in the heart of that peace which lifts the soul above the storm and stress of mundane life.

In low and reverent tones the group converse, until the solemn booming of the great bell in the tower of Monsalvat announces that the hour of Titurel's funeral has arrived. In obedience to the urgent request of the knights, Amfortas has promised to now uncover the Grail for the last time. He has also determined to beg the knights to slay him, and if they refuse he has resolved to tear open his side and die, as the pain has grown insufferable.

Parsifal, Gurnemanz, and Kundry start to the castle. The lights grow dim. They move before the spectators as scarcely discernible phantoms until they enter the Alhambra-like hall of the Grail. Here the funeral procession enters to the music of a solemn and impressive dirge. At length the moment arrives for the uncovering of the Grail, when the agony of the king becomes insupportable. In a wild burst of anguish he pleads with the knights to slay him. They start back in horror.

Then Parsifal, who has not been observed before, steps forward and with the Sacred Spear touches the wound, which as by magic is healed. He then takes up the Grail, and lo! the dark blood grows bright; the hall is suffused with a wonderful radiance. All present fall upon their knees, while music of unearthly sweetness fills the hall. Kundry, with a beatific expression and with eyes riveted on the Grail, slowly sinks upon the floor. For her the battle of life is past. She is saved. A white dove descends from the high dome and hovers over Parsifal's head, while the angel chorus from above sings:

"Wondrous work of mercy;
Salvation to the Saviour."

"Of the religious solemnity of the closing scene of this act and the last," say Mr. Henry Finck,* "printers' ink can convey no shadow of an idea. The solemn pealing of the bell, the devout chant of the knights, taken up by an invisible chorus of youths half-way up the cupola, and finally by boys' voices at the extreme end of the cupola; then the unveiling and glowing of the Grail amid a halo of exquisite orchestral harmonies. All this cannot be described."

The late Rev. H. R. Haweis thus closes his graphic pen picture of "Parsifal:"

"Words can add nothing to the completeness of the drama, and no word can give any idea of the splendor and complexity of that sound ocean upon which the drama floats from beginning to end."

IV.

Throughout the play of "Parsifal," as I have indicated, Wagner has striven to be absolutely true to the spirit and prevailing religious belief of the age which produced the Grail legends. Indeed, he has outwardly conformed to the dominant religious dogmas of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries so faithfully that I imagine that had his music-drama been produced during that period, its orthodoxy would not have been seriously questioned, even if the audience had missed its deeper lessons and true significance.

It is exoterically theological and esoterically religious. The fundamental demand of art, that the spirit, belief, and dominating thought of the age be preserved, is here met. But the work is far more than a great art piece. Below the shell, the form, the dogma, and superstition, which the great majority of intelligent Christians have long since outgrown, are found the fundamental religious and ethical lessons which are as eternal as life itself, and the presence of which measures the vitality of and gives potentiality for good to any religion or philosophy.

This is why no class of persons has been more profoundly impressed with the strength and religious power of "Parsifal"

* "Wagner and His Work," by Henry Finck.

than the deeply religious minds among the distinctly liberal thinkers who have witnessed its performance. They have not only seen but have been compelled to feel the force of the lessons it teaches and how pregnant is this drama with truths upon the acceptance or realization of which civilization itself depends.

Take, for example, the life of Parsifal. Here we have a splendid illustration of the evolution of a life from self-absorption to selflessness; from negative good, or guilelessness, to the positive virtue which can come only with knowledge and the victory born of triumph over multitudinous temptations which beset the pathway of life. Here, too, we see indifference to the sufferings, needs, and yearnings of others give place to that intense concern for the happiness, peace and welfare of the most hopeless and despairing ones, which found its supreme expression in the life of the Great Nazarene.

Parsifal emphasizes the fact that "Heaven is not gained with a single bound." After Parsifal had won the great victory and gained the Sacred Spear, still he had not grown enough to be worthy to rule in the council chambers of Monsalvat. He had to grow to new heights. Thus many years yet of struggle, temptation and trial awaited him. Self-mastery and spiritual supremacy are attained, not by one victory, but by many. They come only as the rich fruition of a life of strenuous endeavor, a life of loyalty to duty and to love.

"Parsifal" teaches the lesson which is the luminous soul of the noblest religions. It tells us that not only is love—pure, exalted love—the greatest thing in the world, but that it is the only light that leads the wanderer to the throne of the Infinite.

Turning from Parsifal, we see in Kundry a typical character, rich in suggestive lessons. She represents the aspiring soul, chained by passion and desire. The world is full of Kundrys. The young man who a few years ago indulged in liquor and laughed at the possibility of its mastering him, but who to-day vainly strives to break from the thralldom of appetite, and who in his better moments resolves and strives to

obey the higher voices in his soul, is but one manifestation of the many slaves of passion, appetite and desire who are under Klingsor's spell, who worship at the shrine of the gross and the material, even while the soul revolts at its bondage and strives to break its fetters.

In the magician's realm we see the world of pseudo-pleasures, bright, glittering and attractive, but ephemeral. Here true love, which is the crown and glory of parenthood and which in its broader manifestation reaches out in divine helpfulness to all, is not known; but in its stead we find gross sensual gratification; lust for love, satiety of the passions for spiritual exaltation, and absorption in the lower self instead of concern for others. Here the passions, appetites and desires are lords and masters. Here all is counterfeit and all is transitory. At any moment the fatal hour may come, as come sooner or later it always does, when the illusions disappear, the sweets are turned to bitter, beauty vanishes, and the one-time music is changed into harsh and guttural tones, ending in groans of anguish or moans of despair. Here the splendid garden, palpitating with sensuous life, may at any time become a bleak and barren waste.

Parsifal is colossal, he is typical. His evolution is that which must be taken by every individual who attains to the spiritual supremacy which brings to the soul peace on earth and an immortality of felicity. Parsifal points the way to the heights, not merely for the individual, but for society as well. All nations and civilizations which are not destined to suffer eclipse must tread the royal pathway over which he passed. No more solemn truth confronts mankind to-day than is taught by the struggle and victory of Parsifal.

A people, nationality, or civilization may seem to flourish for a season through might of force, as did Babylon of old, as did the empire of the Medes and Persians, as did Rome as she approached the summit of her world-wide rule, and as did Spain in the fifteenth century. But all triumphs based on force and injustice, on victories not won by love, are ephemeral in character. If history teaches any lesson in clear and unmis-

takable language, it is that whatsoever is sown shall be reaped; and the nation or civilization which disregards the eternal demands of justice, freedom and fraternity will sooner or later follow the pathway trodden by Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome and Spain. Victory, to be permanent, must depend on the cohesion of love, which is ever creative and constructive, and not on the disintegrative influence of force and hate. It must also ever bear in mind the good of all, not the interest of self. It must strike its keynote on the plane of the spiritual instead of the animal. It must do right because it is right. It must imitate the sun, which bathes the world in light and warmth; the violet, the lily and the rose, whose fragrance and beauty delight the senses and bring into the human heart a message from the Infinite. It must be like the bird, which, careless of danger and without thought of fame or applause, fills the woods and meadows with a melody that makes all life thrill with joy.

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THE RELATION OF RECIPROCITY TO PROTECTION.

A DISCUSSION of the tariff question, will, to a greater or less extent, be forced upon the Fifty-eighth Congress. This discussion will begin with the opening of the extra session, when the Cuban Reciprocity Treaty is brought up for consideration by the House, and it is reasonably certain that the discussion thus started will be renewed several times during the life of each succeeding session.

It is not difficult to foresee that there will be a division of opinion amounting almost to a schism among the Generals, Lieutenants and Privates in both camps. The charge of inconsistency will be flaunted in the face of both parties. Nor will this charge be without foundation. For, in the army which has fought for years under the banner of "Tariff for revenue only," there will be found regulars from the old home of the cane and volunteers from the new homes of the beet who have become so inoculated with the saccharine virus that they will foam at the mouth in their mad howl against any reduction in the tariff on sugar. While others who are veterans in the same army, claiming inspiration from the same fountain-head, will rally around the "old guard" and fall, if needs be, in the last ditch, with face to the foe, martyrs to what they hold to be the sacred cause of a reduction of tariff rates, sugar or no sugar. And in the opposite camp we find the Generals and their Staffs, and nearly all the commissioned officers occupying the inconsistent position of claiming to be true and loyal followers of the policy of McKinley and yet as "stand patters" they would make of reciprocity a "dead issue" instead of, as he would, a living, breathing creature, clothed in the flesh and blood of agreement between nation and nation and standing upon the solid ground of their mutual interests.

The difference of opinion among the Democrats of the Fifty-eighth Congress we need not discuss in the present article,

for whatever is done in said Congress will be done by the Republicans. And what is done by the Republicans in modifying the present tariff rates will depend very largely upon their conviction as to the relationship which exists between reciprocity and protection, for we need not expect from this Congress any modification by direct tariff legislation. Nor need we hope for much to be accomplished by means of reciprocity treaties if the Republican leaders hold the view that reciprocity is either antagonistic or dangerous to the principle of protection. It is, therefore, pertinent and timely to inquire into the possibility of harmonizing these two methods of furthering American trade and at the same time promoting the general welfare.

The relation which exists between the two can perhaps be best ascertained by an examination of the fundamental principle which underlies each. And first as to protection. Upon what fundamental principle does a protective tariff policy rest? Clearly this: that by using the power to levy customs duties as a means for directing the productive energy of the nation along the lines which according to the collective judgement of the majority seem most advantageous and, hence, most promotive of the public welfare, our development as a nation will be better secured than by leaving entirely to the judgment of the individual the decision of the question as to how his productive energies can be best expended.

Therefore, when a majority of the nation renders a decision at the polls in favor of a protective tariff on iron its verdict means that, according to its judgment, the giving of an advantage in the home market to our own as against foreign producers of iron, a larger share of capital and labor will be expended in the iron industries of this country than would otherwise be the case, and that this change will result in an increase in the sum total of national production and thereby render possible a more rapid increase in our progress as a nation, in our prosperity and happiness as a people. True, the majority may err in its judgment; but I insist that if the majority is not less likely to err than is the minority, it follows as

a natural corollary that a Republic is inferior to an Oligarchy. This corollary need not be argued to American readers, we answered that question at the very beginning of our national existence and have since discovered no adequate reason for changing our answer. Neither is it necessary to argue so plain a proposition as that whether or not a protective tariff should be placed or retained upon given commodities is one of fact and hence must be determined upon the basis of facts, not theories. That the facts warrant a continuance by us of the protective policy is unquestionably the opinion of the great majority in this country. There are, however, not a few among this majority who recognize the difficulty of changing it by legislation so as to adjust it to changing conditions and hence would gladly welcome the application of a method of change which would render the policy more flexible.

Before discussing this question further, it will be well to inquire into the basic principle underlying reciprocity and also its practicability for the purpose of meeting our present and future needs as the leading nation in the world of trade. Fundamentally commercial reciprocity rests upon the fact that the exports of a country can be more advantageously marketed when the government coöperates with the individual in securing a market than where the individual is left entirely to his own resources.

It is, therefore, clear that reciprocity readily lends itself to use by the nation as a means for directing the energies of its individuals along the lines of greatest advantage. For by securing in foreign markets a reduction in their tariff upon certain products rather than others an increased amount of capital and labor would naturally be expended in the producing of the commodities thus favored. It rests, then, upon precisely the same principle as does a protective tariff. The fact that one accomplishes the purpose by securing an advantage in the home market while the other secures an advantage in a foreign market, alters the general principle not one whit.

Hence, if reciprocity is to be attacked, it must be upon some other ground than that it is antagonistic in principle to the

policy of a protective tariff. Far from being irreconcilable with a protective tariff it is supplemental to it, for whereas one leads to an increase in production, the other aids in marketing the surplus product. While, therefore, it modifies, it is still a helpmate. Reciprocity can coexist with a protective tariff but not with free trade. Though it necessitates changes in some of the tariff schedules it does not endanger the life of the protective system, but like equity "is a correction of that wherein the law by reason of its universality is inadequate." The extent to which it is expedient to apply the policy of reciprocity is dependent upon economic conditions, *i.e.*, upon the size and character of the surplus for which foreign markets must be found and the competition which has to be met in them. While our surplus consisted almost entirely of agricultural products which were not raised elsewhere in sufficient quantities to supply the wants of the European markets, the demand for our surplus was such that no reciprocity treaties were necessary in order to market it. But when under a wise protective policy our country has become the workshop as well as the granary of the world, more than 30 per cent. of our surplus consists of manufactured articles which there is not unnaturally a strong desire upon the part of Europe to exclude, the problem of marketing this surplus becomes vastly more difficult and the need for reciprocity correspondingly greater.

That reciprocity treaties, not intended to be a farce, would increase the market for our exports is a proposition which must be tested not merely by theory but by facts. Our own experience, though very limited, furnishes us many illuminating facts. In 1854 we entered into a reciprocity treaty with Canada, and during the first five years of its operation our exports to Canada increased 130 per cent. It is true that they did not increase as rapidly during the remaining life of the treaty (which came to an end in 1866), but as this latter period included the four years of our civil war, the decreased productive powers of the nation due to this diverting of its energies from productive lines and the high prices in the home market, a decrease in exports was entirely natural. There is

little doubt but that this treaty would have been renewed in 1865, though perchance with some modifications, had it not been for the bitterness of feeling engendered between the two countries during the war.

Under the provisions of the McKinley bill, reciprocity treaties were entered into with several of the Latin-American States, but as they were repealed by the Wilson bill they were in force for but three years, yet during this short-period the value of our exports to those countries increased from \$90,000,000 to \$103,000,000, or about 15 per cent. And as evidence that this increase was not merely coincident with the existence of the treaties but due to them, I would cite the fact that in 1895, the year after the repeal of the treaties, our exports to those same countries fell back to \$88,000,000.

During this same period we had a reciprocity treaty with Spain concerning Cuba, and our exports to the island increased from \$12,200,000 to \$24,150,000, or just about 100 per cent. and in 1895, thanks to the Wilson bill, they fell back to \$12,800,000.

Our reciprocity treaty with Hawaii continued in force for twenty-three years, and under it our exports to those islands increased in value from \$621,974 to \$4,622,581, or considerably over 600 per cent. The operation of this treaty illustrates that agreements of this sort increase the market for exports and that the closer trade relations beget a community of feeling which, though more difficult to measure, is a not less important consideration than the financial gain. For both these reasons a reciprocity treaty with Canada to take the place of the one which, unfortunately for both of us, was dropped in 1866 would be an appropriate means to attain very desirable ends. In general it is safe to say that trade is a great civilizer, and hence the means which promote trade promote civilization. It is equally true to say that such are our natural resources and the efficiency of our labor that we have greater reason to fear a choking of the home market by reason of a failure to market our surplus than of its being swamped by a deluge of foreign products. Neither does it need any argument to make it clear

that while a protective tariff furnishes a sufficient guarantee against the latter it is not equally effective as a means for preventing the former, hence, when one argues in behalf of supplementing a protective tariff with reciprocity treaties he is simply arguing in favor of a use of means best adapted to the attaining of wise and necessary ends.

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THE BELGIUM SYSTEM OF PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

BEFORE giving an account of the practical working and beneficial results of proportional representation in Belgium, it occurs to me that a brief description of the system which differs in some respects from that in operation in Switzerland may be interesting and valuable to the thinking Americans who are seeking to adjust and perfect electoral methods and provisions so as to best conserve and more effectually maintain the principles of Democratic government.

The issue of the *Moniteur Belge** for December 30, 1899, contains the full Act of Parliament printed in both Dutch and French. A complete translation of the act has been made for me but as it is both too long and too technical for a magazine article, I will give the salient points in a descriptive way.

There are thirty electoral districts or "Arrondissements," as they are called in Belgium, from which are elected varying numbers of representatives and senators. The great city of Brussels comprises the largest district and returns eighteen representatives and nine senators. The numbers then go downwards—eleven representatives, ten, eight, six, five, four, three, two; no district electing less than two, and very few being as small as that. Each district elects about twice as many representatives as senators. Those districts which return only two or three representatives are united with their neighbors for senatorial purposes, so as to avoid electing senators singly.

* The value of an article of this character depends on the direct and authoritative character of the data, and for the benefit of the readers I will say that my principal sources of information are: (1) The issues of the *Moniteur Belge* which contain the full report of the Act of Parliament amending the Belgium electoral code so as to provide for proportional representation. (2) Letters and papers received direct from M. le Comte Goblet d'Alviella of Court St. Etienne, Belgium, who is a senator for the Province of Brabant. (3) Count d'Alviella's able work in French entitled "La Representation Proportionnelle: Histoire d'une Reforme."

The totals are one hundred and fifty-two members of the house of representatives, and seventy-six senators. From the varying character of the districts, I presume that the old division lines have been largely retained.

Belgium has adopted a modification of the "free list" system of proportional representation that is in operation in several of the cantons or states of Switzerland.

Two features are common to both the Swiss and the Belgian systems: Namely, (1) large electoral districts returning several members; and (2) the use of the "quota," which is usually obtained by dividing the total vote cast by the number of members to be elected. Indeed, these two features are found in all really effective proportional systems.

Briefly the Swiss or Belgian system is this: Each political party nominates a list of candidates, and these lists of names are printed on a ballot and voted for according to some prescribed method. The votes are counted and the quota is ascertained. Each party's total vote is in turn divided by the quota, which shows how many seats each party is entitled to. One quota of votes gives one seat; two quotas, two seats, and so on. Then the seats of each party are allotted among the individual candidates of that party in a manner hereafter indicated.

In Belgium nominations are made by a "presentation paper," which must be signed by at least one hundred electors. Each party nominates a list of candidates, probably in proportion to the number that its estimated voting strength would enable it to elect. There are two classes of candidates—"effectives" and "substitutes;" the latter being intended chiefly to fill vacancies that may occur in the ranks of the effective or actual members during parliamentary term. For this purpose the substitutes are classed as first, second, third, etc., and are drawn upon in that order if needed. There is also another use to which they are put; namely, if any party has not nominated enough effectives to fill the seats it gets in the elections, then the substitutes are drawn upon.

If the various parties have estimated their strength at the polls so moderately that the effective candidates on all the lists

just equal the seats to be filled, then these candidates are declared elected, and no polling is needed.

If, however, more effectives are nominated than there are seats to be filled, the polling takes place as described later.

All the party lists of candidates are printed on one large ballot paper, lots being drawn to decide the order in which the lists appear. Each party list is in a column by itself; the effectives first, and then the substitutes, with a head-line to distinguish the latter.

If an independent candidate runs outside of the parties, he is regarded as being a little party all by himself, and his name is accordingly printed as a separate list, along with the substitute candidate whom he may have, or without the substitute if none be nominated. The last column on the ballot is reserved for these small independent lists.

Every list on the ballot is numbered with a large distinguishing figure above it.

The names of the candidates in the various parties are not printed alphabetically, but follow the order in which the candidates appear on the party nomination paper. There is a special reason for this, as follows:

In counting the votes, after ascertaining the seats each party is entitled to, the next question is, to which individual candidates of each party do the seats of that party go? Here is where the order of the names on the party lists come in; because the candidates highest up on the list of effectives are the elected ones, unless the voters decide otherwise by the way in which they cast their votes. Similarly, the order of precedence of the elected substitutes is decided by the order in which their names appear on the party list, unless the voters by their ballots change that order.

This arrangement would appear to place considerable power in the hands of the party chiefs, who probably have a good deal to say in deciding the order of the names on the nomination papers and consequently in the lists on the ballots.

The official journal contains an illustration of the form of ballot. This shows at the head of each list a black square

with a white spot in the center. A similar square and spot are put opposite every name on each list. The elector votes by blackening the spot, which is about an eighth of an inch in diameter, using a pencil or crayon for the purpose.

Electors are admitted to vote from eight o'clock a.m., to one o'clock p.m. This seems to be a very short time for polling; but such is the provision of the act. Each elector produces his "Lettre de convocation" (letter of summons), and receives one, two, or three ballots. This is because there is plural voting in Belgium. Citizens of twenty-five years of age and over are entitled to one vote. Then there are certain qualifications of property, age, higher education, tax paying, etc., which give either one or two additional votes; so that some citizens go to the poll and cast as many as three votes, but never more than three.

Of course this vicious system of plural voting is no part of proportional representation. On the contrary, it was in force before the present act was passed. It does not affect in any way the method of voting or counting votes. I shall, therefore, use for my description a voter who is entitled to cast one ballot only.

Having received his ballot, the voter retires to an isolated compartment, marks his ballot, folds it with the presiding officer's stamp outside, comes out of the compartment, shows his folded ballot to the officer, puts it in the "urn"—or ballot box, as we call it—gets his letter of summons stamped by the officer, and leaves the booth.

In marking his ballot, this is what the voter does:

1. If he is content with the order of presentation of all the names on the list of his party, he simply blackens the dot at the head of the list. This is called giving a "vote by list."

2. If he is content with the order of presentation of the effectives, but not of the substitutes, he gives a "vote by name;" that is, he votes for one of the substitutes by blackening the white dot opposite the name of the one he prefers. This "vote by name" counts one vote for the party whose list the name is on.

3. If the voter is content with the order of the substitutes, but not of the effectives, then he gives "vote by name" for one effective by blackening the proper spot. This counts also one for the party.

4. If he wishes to change the order of both effectives and substitutes he blackens the spots opposite one effective and one substitute. In this case one vote is counted for the party, not two votes.

Manifestly the intention of the law is that the voter must stick to one party. He spoils his ballot if he marks more than one list. He may not even vote for an effective in one list and a substitute in another. A ballot is also null if the voter marks both a "vote by list," and a "vote by name;" that is to say, he must not blacken a spot both at the head of the list and opposite a name. This seems to be unnecessary strictness, but is probably designed to prevent votes by name being overlooked in the counting.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the Belgium system is based on the Single Vote. In most of the Swiss cantons the multiple vote prevails; that is, each elector is allowed an absolute vote for several distinct candidates. But the Single Vote is more and more coming to be recognized as the true proportional principle, and it is a distinct step in advance that the Belgium form of the Free List allows to each elector only one vote that finally counts. I will not attempt a detailed description of the Belgium method of counting. It is based on the principles of the Swiss "free list" with a difference of method.

In Switzerland, the general method may be thus summarized:

(1) The totals of the votes cast for the various lists are added together and the grand total ascertained.

(2) This grand total is divided by the number of seats to be filled and this gives the "quota," or number of votes which elect one representative.

(3) The vote for each party list is divided in turn by the quota, thus showing the number of representatives to which each party is entitled. The quota is therefore called also the "electoral divisor."

(4) As the quota does not of course divide exactly into the electoral total of each list, there may be some seats to spare. These seats are allotted to the party or parties having the largest "remainder" or "unfilled quota" after the division has taken place.

In Belgium the general principle is the same, but is more complex as to details, and that is why I have first described the more simple Swiss plan. The Belgians use what is called "The d'Hondt quota," which gives a result more mathematically accurate. To show just how it works would take a great deal of space. I will therefore simply give a translation of a clause of the Belgian act relating to it: premising that to get the electoral total of a list, its "votes by list" and its "votes by name" are added together, as already indicated.

"Article 263. The head office divides successively by one, two, three, four, five, etc., the electoral total of each of the lists, and arranges the quotients in the order of their importance, up to the amount of a total number of quotients equal to that of members to be elected. The last quotient serves as Electoral Divisor.

"The division (distribution) among the lists is effected by assigning to each of them as many seats as its electoral total 'comprises of times the divisor.'"

In other words, you divide the votes of a list by the electoral divisor, and that gives the number of representatives to which that list is entitled.

Having ascertained how many seats each party has got, the next thing is to decide which of its candidates are the chosen ones. In doing this, the Belgian plan uses the quota or "electoral divisor" again. Any candidate who has a quota is elected. The quotas are ascertained by crediting each candidate with the "votes by name" and "votes by list," to which he is entitled, beginning with the first man on the list. The mere fact of his name being printed first on his party list gives him a right to all the "list" votes he can use, and there are usually enough of these to give him his required quota. If not, all his votes go to the next man. If he is elected, and has a surplus over

and above the quota, his surplus votes are credited to the next man on the list. This number of representatives is elected. As already stated, the order in which the names are printed in the various lists on the ballot paper is the order of the names as presented by the party organizations.

The chief defects of the Belgian system are the unequal size of the districts and the power given to the party organizations by the operation of the "vote by list" and its concomitant of following the "order of presentation" in choosing the individuals to represent the party. At the first general election under the new plan, I think that in only one case did the operation of the "votes by name" disturb the order of election by party presentation. I speak from memory as to this, but the cases were in any event very rare.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the system is an excellent one, and is an immense improvement on the old plans of the "block vote" or the "one member district." Its influence on Belgian politics has demonstrated this. What that influence has been will be shown in my next paper.

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THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT BETWEEN DEMOCRACY AND REACTION.

I. THE REPUBLIC AND 1904.

FROM the signing of the Declaration of Independence to this hour the American people have not faced a greater crisis than that presented in the contest for President in 1904. Hitherto our struggles have been with open foes in the open field. And the foes, outside the great republic, have been vanquished or cowed into submission. But all the labor and sweat and blood and treasure thus expended will have been spent in vain, unless the fruits of it all be preserved as the basis of future achievement.

To each generation is given its own task. To our own falls the duty of guarding the ark of the covenant of liberty as it was handed us by our fathers. The struggle now on is the one which philosophers and sages have foretold from the beginning. Right ahead lies the rock on which the enemies of the republic have predicted our ship of state would strike and founder.

It is no longer the rifle of the pioneer against the tomahawk of the savage, nor the flint lock of the Continentals against British red coats, nor yet the steed of the Rough Rider against the files of Spain.

There now comes the deadlier strife of liberty against licence; of law against lawlessness; of man against money; of simplicity and honesty against luxury and corruption; of Constitutional Democracy against Aristocracy and Privilege.

The Declaration of Independence holds these truths to be self-evident: "That all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

The part of the Declaration which I have quoted contains the essence of Democracy. It was carried into the Constitu-

tion, there crystalized and received a luminous exposition in Jefferson's first inaugural.

The equality declared is between "Men."

And there are no exceptions.

"All men are created equal."

This equality regards no accident of birth, no difference in capacity, no possession, no poverty, no learning, no ignorance. These are the things that make inequality, difference in kind or degree, classes, castes, and ranks. But the ideal of the fathers was *Man—Men*.

These they started "equal" for the first time in the history of the human race. Man was the unit in the new scheme of government. And at a single stroke he was stripped of all gear, all title, all outside of himself, and ordered to stand forth the peer and equal of all other men. Poets and philosophers had dreamed it for three thousand years, but the fathers at Philadelphia woke the world to the fact.

Having placed them on the level, these men, so created, are declared to be "endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

This "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" of the Declaration is no other than the blood-bought trinity of "life, liberty and property" wrought out of six hundred years of struggle in Anglo-Saxon life.

This idea of equality was carried, soul and spirit, into the Constitution. It does not involve equality in getting or keeping of any precious thing outside the sacred trinity of life, liberty, and property. But for these sacred three, absolute equality between men, under the Stars and Stripes is eternally decreed.

The Constitution in its first breath declares the purpose of "we the people" to be "to form a more perfect union."

Its second breath, is the purpose to "establish justice."

The "more perfect union" has been "formed" and cemented by a century and a quarter of trial and blood and love. An indissoluble union of indestructible States is an accomplished fact, seen and read of all men in twentieth century light.

The second purpose "to establish justice," is now the matrix of patriotic thought by those to whom the destiny of the republic is the hope of all time.

The "justice" to be "established" by the Constitution, was not exhausted nor its ends accomplished by the machinery of the Federal Courts, properly created and provided for the administration of the law. That was obviously part of the plan by which the purpose to "establish justice" was to be effected.

The "justice" meant was the enforcement of the idea of equality between men touching Life, Liberty and Property which the Declaration had set up. It included, of course, the abstract idea of justice, the justice of which Carlyle speaks, when he says:

"In this world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is delayed: dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below, the just thing, the true thing.

"My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, 'In God's name, No!'"

But it meant more. It was an expression of the time-tried ideals of English "justice" to the new relation of *Man* to Life, Liberty, and Property, created by the Declaration.

It was "justice" in England for the first born son to take the inheritance and perpetuate a name and a title.

The "justice" of our Constitution recognizes no title but *Man*, and our laws equalize the inheritance with the blood and the half blood of the *Man*.

Aristocracy and Privilege rear high their heads in England, under the ægis of "justice," but the "justice" of our Constitution abhors and detests both.

One man, under the title of King, is the fountain of English

"justice," but our fathers fought and bled an' died that the hateful title might never pollute the land of the free.

Henry Ward Beecher's "Reign of the Common People" stood over against Ruskin's "Iscariot in Modern England" as the people's conception of the government they had, as against that they had escaped.

The land of the free, where man only was enthroned, where equality before the law meant an equal chance with every other man in every field of human endeavor, where justice came pure and fresh from an untainted fountain, where simple worth had its reward and virtue its meed without respect of persons, this was the proud thought of sons sprung from the loins of Cavaliers, Covenanters, and Pilgrims to whom faith and honor were dearer than life.

And these ideals are the standards by which men and measures have been judged, until very recently in our national life.

Beginning about thirty years ago an oil dealer in Cleveland conceived and taught and fought and fastened on the common carriers of America the idea that it was better to carry for one than for many.

The fact that this theory made shipwreck of the law weighed not a feather.

Fraud, perjury, oppression, deceit, inversion of the laws of trade and commerce, violations of charter covenants, sinister threats, covert breaches of contracts, and the entire armory of the robber and brigand was exhausted in the subjugation of the carriers. But they were thoroughly conquered.

On this foundation, conceived in utter hostility to the very heart of our laws and constitution, has been erected a colossal structure, which has not only dominated the business interests of America, but by its proud eminence has bred a brood whose thought is not to keep the law, but to invent methods by which it may be violated with impunity.

As a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, so this leaven of covert disobedience, of apparent respect but real contempt for the law, has permeated the whole body politic.

In the room of the Democracy, known to our fathers, sits

an arrogant plutocracy which has seized the sources of Federal power, and not content with polluting these fountains, has, by direct attack and the contagious power of example, injected the venom of corruption into state legislatures and municipal assemblies, until bribery has become a trade and the lobbyist a necessity to even honest legislation.

The President, personally clean, a type of the best in the young blood of America, finds himself, in the tainted atmosphere of political ambition, bound as a strong man with many cords. With the velvet glove of predatory capital but ill concealing its steel claws menacing him on one side, and "the courtesy of the Senate" hampering him on the other, every generous aspiration of his higher self is either sandbagged on sight or soothed to fateful slumber by the siren song of expediency.

The Governor of the Empire State forces the passage of favored bills by threats of exposure of legislative corruption in the ranks of his own party.

Pennsylvania, the second state in the union, under the domination of Senator Quay, with unblushing forehead, distributes millions in franchises as largess to faithful henchmen of the boss, against the protest of her best citizens.

The Lieutenant Governor of Missouri tenders his resignation in terms confessing guilty knowledge of bribery in the Missouri Senate, and the city of St. Louis draws only partly back the curtains behind which municipal corruption stalks, as we are told it walks in the municipal assemblies of many of our large cities.

The Governor of Indiana, against the mandate of the law, hides, under his executive cloak, the crouching form of a fugitive from justice, demanded by justice in Kentucky, on the charge of complicity in the foulest assassination since that of Lincoln. These are fair samples of present-day phenomena in our political life.

The public conscience has been seared as with a hot iron and the lethargy of death benumbs civic virtue.

The existence of such startling facts arouses only languid

interest or is received with absolute indifference by those charged with the execution of the law.

One of the leading lawyers of the plundering outlaws has been selected and retained as the Attorney General of the United States. That office is the keystone of the whole arch. With a genuine friend of the people, there, the law-breaking and defying corporations could be brought to the criminal bar, and a beginning made for justice. As it is we are edified with the spectacle of an artist who enacts the double role of the ass in the lion's skin to the trusts, and the wolf playing shepherd of the flock, to the people.

But reaching beyond official spheres, the heaven has wrought in the daily life of the people. The learned college professor who was once the revered sage and prophet has become a hired man in a cage. The lawyer who once stood as the high priest of liberty and the champion of the poor and oppressed is reduced to the degrading office of body guard to professional law breakers. The preacher and the priest are being taught the gospel of greed and the litany of grace. And the butcher and the baker and the candle-stick maker, as all other small dealers outside the charmed circle of the new aristocracy, are reminded by their daily bread of the dreadful consequences of disloyalty to the new Oligarchy.

The man of the Declaration is reduced to the segment of a circle in a maze of whirling wheels, his independence spit upon, his equality in Life, Liberty, and Property made a living lie, and the "justice" he was taught to revere, turned into a hideous engine of oppression.

Learning, dignity, culture, grace, gentleness, and worth are either crushed under the hoofs or borne madly along with the herd, in the general stampede for gold.

In the place of Man stands Money. In the room of Equality Privilege is enthroned. In the seat of Justice sits Monopoly, and the heritage of the people is seized by a new fledged Aristocracy.

And it is interesting to note the genesis of this new American aristocracy. The plundering, pilfering pirate, who found

wealth in his country's peril and social recognition in society's upheaval, in due time buds and blossoms into the sniveling sycophant, who sneers at the people and a government of the people, by the people, for the people, and shudders at the tide of immigration steadily flowing into the body of American citizenship. Arrived at this stage it is not a far cry to the expatriated scion of an American fur trader, dazzled with visions of stars and garters and titles of nobility. Under the inspiration of this sort has occurred the silk petticoat invasion of flunkeydom, by which already seventeen glittering coronets, very dazzling but very short of cash, have been added to the treasures of those who dearly love a lord. With their eyes fixed on the court of Edward VII and their backs turned on the graves of their fathers, the precept and example of this grafted fruit would hasten the time when, with the Boer warrior, we may dedicate our reminiscences to "our fellow subjects of the British Empire." To them the story of Lexington and Yorktown, of Washington and Cornwallis is an old wife's fable, as misty as a Norse saga, as dreamy as an Indian legend.

From contemplation of such a set I think any sane American would turn with mingled feelings of relief and renewed hope for our institutions to the Hebrew children of the Educational Alliance in New York City, who, on every Friday at noon, thus salute the flag:

"Flag of our great Republic, inspirer in battle, guardian of our homes, whose stars and stripes stand for Bravery, Purity, Truth and Union, we salute thee! We, the natives of distant lands, who find rest under thy folds, do pledge our hearts, our lives, and our sacred honor, to love and protect thee, OUR COUNTRY, and the LIBERTY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE forever."

In answer to all this we are soothed with the assurance that the few really do it better than the many. And as the cap sheaf of this comfortable theory our attention is called to the munificent gifts made in recent years to libraries, hospitals, and colleges.

I would not impugn the motives of any man, high or low,

rich or poor, who finds it in his heart to do a noble thing and does it.

But from an economic and political standpoint, it is well to remember that if all the benefactions from plutocracy for a hundred years were added together, they would not equal a tithe of the vast sums annually wrung from the American people by legalized robbery and covert disobedience of the law as it is written.

And even the master of Skibo castle, if he expects to realize his ambition of dying a poor man, must mend his gait in giving, unless, perchance, the oil king should cast his standard eye on the Scotchman's hoard and apply his infallible remedy of "benevolent assimilation." In that event, the great philanthropist, except for the treasure he has laid up in heaven, might contemplate, in a full assurance of faith, the vision of a mule and a cart bearing a pine box to the potters field.

And, after all, the average American likes to earn what he gets and to keep his earnings large enough to go into the giving business himself, in a modest way. He has heard that it is more blessed to give than to receive. And it is written, "obedience is better than sacrifice and to hearken than to the fat of rams."

The American idea of government *is not* the rule of one or of a chosen few, not the recognition of the right of any one man or set of men to give laws to a greater number of men, not the lodging of power in any form, without limitation, in the hands of man or men.

Our ideal *is* that of the Declaration and the Constitution as we have been taught it—a government of the people. Not of the rich people, not of the poor people, not of the good people, not of the bad people, not of the learned people, not of the ignorant people, but of all these, fused in the crucible of public safety and happiness into one single mass—The People.

Their agents and representatives, under constitutional forms, for limited periods, exercise on behalf of the people the full powers of government. And this united voice of all the people

is majesty. The individual voices are hushed, but the voice heard is the voice of all. As if one, floating down a river, should round a headland

"And behold the many sounding sea.
Silent the rivers now, but the great tide
Beats on the shore. And where the rivers sang
Shrilly, alone, they now, in choral notes,
Roll a great, vibrant organ symphony."

That is American Democracy.

From 1856 to 1865 Lincoln demonstrated his proposition that the Government could not continue half slave and half free. No hybrid government can long exist anywhere.

This government is either a Constitutional Democracy or an Aristocracy of wealth. It cannot be both at one and the same time. If the American people are slipping, imperceptibly and unconsciously, out of Democracy into Aristocracy, the duty of the hour is to acquaint them with the fact.

If the people have a mind to preserve their liberties and the government of the Constitution then these things must be done.

1. The law *must be* kept. Those who love and keep the law must be protected by it. Those who break it must not invoke its protection, but bend the neck to its penalty.

2. Justice *must be* established.

3. Equality in Life, Liberty and Property *must be* restored, as it will be when the people, under the Constitution, fully "establish justice."

WM. J. HENDRICK.

New York City.



II. THE FAILURE OF REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT.

WHAT have been the results of a century of representative government? Do our legislatures and common councils stand as high in popular estimation to-day as they did a century ago? To ask that question is to answer it. They do not. The Boston *Herald*, of March 21st, said in speaking of Addick's buying of voters at the polls:

"In larger states than Delaware, the operation has to be more scientific. Quay looks upon Addicks with the calm superiority of a skilful operator who has got beyond the rudiments of corruption. Quay goes to the legislature or to the man on his way to the legislature and, in purchasing him, commands a support of which Addicks has no conception. It is a great deal slicker to buy your voting strength in one operation than it is to make it depend on a matter of detail."

How it has been done in New York State is told thus by W. A. White in a sketch of United States Senator T. C. Platt in *McClure's* magazine: "Every interest that might, should, would, or could be affected by State legislation needed a lobby at Albany. The result was a large and expensive third house." He then goes on to tell how Platt organized this lobby into a system and centralized its power into his own hands, and the writer says: "The necessity of an expensive lobby at Albany is avoided, and, if the matter is not too culpable, the wishes of the people in the matter have merely an academic interest. What we call popular government is abrogated by the purchase of privileges."

The recent revelations made in Rhode Island largely through the exposure of her able and statesmanlike governor further emphasizes the extent to which bribery and corruption are being carried on under our representative system manipulated as it now is by political rings and bosses largely under the direction of organized wealth. The *New York Nation*, of July 16th, in an editorial dealing with bribery in Senator Addick's bailiwick said:

The case of Rhode Island continues to attract public attention. At first people were shocked to learn of the extensive bribery by which a corrupt oligarchy owns the government and sells legislation to the highest bidder; now they are even more shocked to observe that the system is not merely tolerated, but is actually defended by some of the "best" people of the State, leaders of opinion. The daily press of the country is still echoing the defiance of the Aldrich-Brayton ring, uttered in the editorial columns of the *Providence Journal*. The argument for bribery rests on three contentions:

(1) Bribery in Rhode Island is no more serious than elsewhere.

(2) If it were not for bribery, Rhode Island might go Democratic.

(3) Talk about government by majorities is shallow hypocrisy, for "there is not a State in the Union which is not now ruled by an oligarchy."

The most recent and startling exposure of the essential rottenness of municipal and State government has been made through the tireless labors of the Hon. Joseph W. Folk, in Missouri.

The story of some of this corruption was told by Mr. Folk in a public address, delivered on August 4th of the present year, at Florence, Missouri, and as the subject is of such interest to all friends of Democracy and because it affords another striking illustration of the failure of representative government, we quote at length from this notable address.

There are many honest public servants in Missouri; there are many who have come through the fiery ordeal of investigation unharmed and unashamed. There are also many officials in Missouri who have been conscienceless, and their cupidity has been such as to shock the civilized world. These and their allies have fastened themselves like vampires on the State, and it will require the best efforts of good citizens to dislodge them. These conditions are the outgrowth of the commercialism of our times. The revelations of official corruption in St. Louis and Missouri read like a tale from the "Arabian Nights." Officials elected to represent the interests of the city betrayed their trust and sold themselves for gain. Combines were formed in the House of Delegates and City Council. These combines held regular meetings in due parliamentary form. Prices were fixed on all ordinances of any value; prices not for the city, but to go into the itching palms of these public pilferers. There is to-day locked up in two safe deposit boxes in the city of St. Louis one corruption fund of \$135,000, which has been used as evidence in court. This was put up by the legislative agent of a street railroad company, in response to a demand from members of the municipal assembly as bribes for their votes in passing a franchise ordinance. For another franchise \$250,000 in bribes was paid to the members of the preceding assembly. This franchise was afterward sold for \$1,250,-

ooo, but the city received not a cent. Twenty-three of the twenty-eight members of the House of Delegates took bribes of \$3,000 each for this franchise. Seven members of the council obtained from \$10,000 to \$17,500 each for their votes. One councilman was given \$25,000 to vote against the franchise and afterward accepted \$50,000 to vote in favor of it. He returned the \$25,000 to the man who gave it to him, saying he did not believe he could "honestly" keep it without "earning" it by giving his vote in accordance with the terms of purchase. Upon reflection he likewise sent the \$50,000 back, with the hope of getting more. He finally voted for the ordinance with the expectation and under promise of obtaining \$100,000 for his vote. His friend, the promoter, disappointed him by leaving the city early the next day without paying him. More in sorrow than in anger the official tracked the promoter to New York, and after much difficulty succeeded in obtaining \$5,000, but not until the promoter had him sign a certificate of character saying, "I have heard rumors in St. Louis that you paid members of the assembly for their votes. I want to say that I am in a position to know, and I do know that you are as far above offering a bribe as I am above receiving one." This was literally true, as the official had taken bribes right and left, and the promoter had boodled on a gigantic scale in getting his bill through the municipal assembly. Seven members of the council, elected to serve the people at a salary of \$300 a year, were paid a regular salary of \$5,000 yearly to represent corporate interests. A lighting bill was bribed through the House of Delegates for \$47,500. The bargain was made right on the floor of the House. The money was given to one of the members, and after the meeting they met in the home of one of their number, where the "pie" was cut and the money divided. . . . Nineteen members of another House of Delegates obtained \$2,000 each as bribes for their votes on still another franchise.

Men would run for a seat in the municipal assembly with the sole object of making money by the prostitution of their position. The scheme of corruption was systematic and far-reaching. The people were careless; the public conscience was asleep. These city legislators went on without hindrance. They devised a scheme of selling the water works, which belonged to the city, for \$15,000,000, the works being worth about \$40,000,000. They planned to get \$100,000 apiece for their votes on this. The proposed sale failed, because of a wise provision of the city charter forbidding unconditional aliena-

tion. Then their gloating eyes fell on the old court house with the gilded dome. They thought of selling that. They hoped to obtain \$100,000 apiece for their votes on this. Then they concluded to sell the Union Market, but the market men had considerable political influence. With this and the sum of \$20,000 they raised and paid the members they succeeded in stopping the sale. Then came the exposure. Now some of these representatives are fugitives from justice in foreign countries: others have turned State's evidence; the remainder have faced juries, and eighteen of these givers and takers of bribes have received sentences ranging from two years to seven years in the penitentiary.

The lieutenant governor of the State has confessed to more bootling than it was thought possible for one man to commit. The honor of the State has been peddled around by the seekers of bribes in return for official influence. The lieutenant governor himself distributed bribe money amongst certain senators. Thousand-dollar bills have been caught sight of here and there with senators in hot pursuit. It is related of a senator that he sold his vote on a pending measure for \$500, receiving the bribe in one bill. He took the train on his way home. Having to ride all night, he engaged a sleeping car. While he was asleep the porter stole his purse containing the \$500 bribe money. When the senator awoke the next morning and discovered his loss he was indignant. Suspecting the porter, he had that person called before him, and accused of the larceny. The porter became frightened, confessed and returned the money. The senator handed the porter a \$5 bill, saying, "I could send you to the penitentiary for this, but I will not do so. Instead I give you this advice, which you should keep in mind the rest of your life, wherever you may be, under any and all circumstances, remember that honesty is the best policy."

2
An ex-member of the Massachusetts General Court said publicly recently: "My experience taught me that the great abuse is the large number of measures introduced every year for improper purposes. I refer to what are known as 'strike' bills. These bills are intended to threaten corporations and their promoters stand ready to agree to their rejection for a consideration. Every member knows that this condition exists and yet it meets with no official condemnation."

Hundreds of other evidence of the degeneracy of our legis-

latures could be given by anyone at all conversant with the press and thought of our time. Only one more will be cited. A recent issue of the *Banker's Magazine* said: "More and more legislatures and executive powers of government are compelled to listen to the demands of organized business interests. That they are not entirely controlled by these interests is due to the fact that business organization has not reached its full perfection. Eventually the government of a country, when the productive forces are all mustered and drilled under the control of a few leaders, must become the tool of those forces. There are many indications in the control of legislatures that such is the tendency at the present time in the United States." Here is a plain, straight declaration not by a reform paper but by the organ of the bankers in the United States, that, following the methods already begun and well under way, our representative system is to be turned into a tyranny by a few, and under the cover of its forms the rule of the people is to be done away with completely.

Formerly anyone could get a measure introduced and discussed. Now, it is often the rule that important bills are referred to committees and never come from them. In the lower house of congress a measure cannot be brought up for discussion without the consent of the speaker and the committee on rules, and even when some measure is under discussion a member cannot be recognized to speak on it without first getting the consent of the speaker, and often the speaker will ask him what he wants to say and whether the speaker agrees to recognize the member depends on the speaker's opinion of what the member proposes to say. So completely is the power of initiating or starting any law centralized and taken not from the people but from the people's representatives.

Jefferson, in 1783, said: "If the present congress errs in too much talking, how can it be otherwise in a body to which the people send one hundred and fifty lawyers whose trade it is to question everything, yield nothing, and talk by the hour. That a hundred and fifty lawyers should do business, should not be expected." And we cannot help remembering Beecher's

prayer: "O Lord! keep us from despising our legislators but O Lord! keep them from behaving so that we cannot help it."

The most precious power that a people possess is the power of initiating, of starting, of creating. That power is being crushed out in our legislative work. Direct Legislation would restore it. This is the great argument that I would make for Direct Legislation. It gives to the people the freedom to begin. They can really make their wants and wishes known unhampered save by a few, simple conditions necessary for the orderly exercises of that power.

Freedom is the greatest blessing we can have in our public and organic life. We claim it as the greatest blessing for the individual but we are coming to a new, a greater and an infinitely finer idea of freedom, the freedom of each community to act for itself, the freedom of the city in the affairs which only concern itself to act for itself, for the commonwealth to act for itself in purely state affairs, for the nation to act for itself in national affairs. We are coming to the birth of the social consciousness, to the feeling that each city is an organic whole, has a character and life of its own different from that of others. The Initiative will be the means by which the organic community will say what it wants and the Referendum the means by which it will finally determine what it wants. There may be stumbling, halting steps at first. There may be mistakes made, but give me the mistakes of freedom rather than the peace of rulership. As our American poet, Sidney Lanier, has well said:

"For Weakness, in freedom, grows stronger than strength with a chain;
And Error, in freedom, will come to lamenting his stain,
Till freely repenting he whiten his spirit again;
And Friendship, in freedom, will blot out the bounding of race;
And straight Law, in freedom, will curve to the rounding of grace;
And Fashion, in freedom, will die of the lie in her face. * * *
And Science be known as the sense making love to the All,
And Art be known as the soul making love to the All—
And Love be known as the marriage of man with the All—
Till Science to knowing the Highest shall lovingly turn,
Till Art to loving the Highest shall consciously burn,
Till Science to Art as a man to a woman shall yearn.

—Then morn!

When Faith from the wedding of Knowing and Loving shall purely be
born,
And the Child shall smile in the West and the West to the East give
morn.
And the Time in that ultimate Prime shall forget old regretting and
scorn,
Yea, the stream of the light shall give off in a shimmer, the dream of
the night forlorn."

ELTWEED POMEROY.

Newark, N. J.



III. JUDGES ATTACK OREGON AMENDMENT FOR MAJORITY RULE.

MACHINE rule is the political evil of our times. This rule of the few is terminated where the people take to themselves a veto power through the optional referendum, and the power to direct initiative legislation. The final power is in the voters and the result is a termination of private monopolies and other special interests, a readjustment of taxation, and a general advance to a higher civilization. Switzerland has benefited by this system for over a quarter of a century. South Dakota has had the system since 1899, and Oregon during one session of its legislature. One of the remarkable things is that not a bill has been ordered to a direct vote in South Dakota or Oregon, and not a bad bill has become law under the optional referendum. The mere existence of the system has been effective; and such has been the case with the power to directly propose measures and have them put to a direct vote.

Of course such a great change calls forth the opposition of the special interests whose very existence is at stake—monopoly, especially and the liquor interests. The opening gun in the courts has sounded.

Recently it has been decided by four judges of the circuit court in Oregon that the referendum and initiative amendment to the state constitution is invalid. The opinion was given on a demurrer to the complaint of land owners against the city of Portland in a street assessment case.

The reason assigned is irregularities on the part of the legislative assembly in dealing with the amendment. The case is to go to the Supreme Court of the State, "with a probability," writes Hon. W. S. U'ren, a lawyer at Oregon City and father of the amendment, "that the decision of the lower court will not be sustained."

But should it be decided that all the constitutional amendments for the referendum and initiative are invalid it will simply advertise the fact that monopoly and certain other special interests are opposed to more power in the people, *while the system objected to will be immediately installed again by pledging all candidates for the legislature to vote for rules of procedure whereby the people may instruct their representatives.* This system is practically the same as that provided for by the constitutional amendment and is not open to attack.

That the voters in the states will install rules of procedure for majority rule, should the constitutional amendment be annulled, is borne out by what has taken place in Detroit and other cities. Some two years ago the aldermen of Detroit were elected while a state law conferred on the voters of the city a veto as to street railway franchises. Later the supreme court declared the law invalid and the aldermen started in to extend the life of private monopoly in street railways. But a halt was called by a Citizen's Committee, headed by Frederick Ingham, assisted by G. R. Weikert. This committee consulted with the committee on street railway franchises and proposed a rule of procedure to be adopted by the common council, providing that all franchises for public utility should, before final passage, lie on the table for sixty days, and if five per cent. of the voters should demand a direct ballot, it should be so ordered.

The practicability of the proposal was certified to by the corporation counsel and other lawyers. The aldermen had to admit that there existed a means whereby their pledges for the referendum could be fulfilled and they at once dropped the proposal to extend the street railway franchises, and a few months before the next election of aldermen a rule of pro-

cedure along the lines above specified was proposed in the common council and unanimously adopted. In the campaign the candidates for aldermen were pledged to continue the system.

This rule of procedure system, which originated at Winnetka, Illinois, has been adopted also in Geneva, Illinois. In Chicago, a year ago last April, a majority of the aldermen elected were pledged to the rule of procedure system, and a year later a majority of those elected were also pledged; then the council by unanimous vote requested the legislature to enact a statute for the referendum of street railway franchises, which it did. Waco and San Antonio, Texas, have adopted the rule of procedure system, and through it the people of Waco have prevented an extension of the franchise for private waterworks and are securing public ownership.

At Toronto, Canada, last January, candidates for aldermen and mayor were pledged to vote for rules of procedure for a people's veto and direct initiative.

It is clear, then, that a majority rule system can be installed without a constitutional amendment or statute.

An attack on the constitutional amendments for majority rule in all the states has been made by corporation attorneys, through the columns of the *Central Law Journal*. It is claimed that an amendment to a state constitution providing for people's veto and a direct initiative is in conflict with the provision in the Federal constitution which guarantees to each state "a republican form of government."

The answer, in brief, is that "republican form of government" means a government in which the sovereign power is in the people, as distinguished from sovereignty in a king or less than a majority.

This is the meaning placed upon the word by all the writers of the Revolutionary period, and in *The Federalist*, letter XLIII expounds with indisputable clearness that the framers of the constitution aimed to prevent the establishment of monarchy or aristocracy. This construction is borne out by the provision that no State shall grant titles of nobility. Furthermore, in the report of Maryland's delegate, Attorney-General

Martin, he expressly states that nearly a majority in the convention wished to establish a Monarchy.

The decision as to what is a "republican form of government" is with Congress and not with the Supreme Court. Repeatedly it has been Congress or its agent, the Chief Executive, who has decided what constitutes a republican form of government. Several cases in the Supreme Court recognize this fact.

Congress has not been called upon to declare that majority rule as to questions of public policy is unrepblican, nor is there any probability that it will so decide.

GEORGE H. SHIBLEY.

Washington, D. C.

THE CRIMINAL TREATMENT OF CRIME.

I N every large city, there is a class of minor offences against good order and municipal ordinances and regulations, which have been punished in a crude, unjust, and often cruel manner. The cases are hurried through the Police Courts, and the victims hauled off in wagon-loads for punishment in workhouses. Society has intermittent and senseless spasms of indignation against this class of offenders, but has really taken little practical interest in them and the problems which they present. They are poor, weak, morally defective, and very human. In many cases they are the victims of conditions and circumstances which would have wrecked the best of us. To know "the path up which the crime has come" would often substitute pity for punishment.

Having been called from the active ministry to a department of the city government, which included the care of the workhouse, or House of Correction, I found myself face to face with these offenders against the social order. With the support of Mayor Johnson, who gave to the movement his authority and his hearty approval, we pardoned and paroled, during the two years of his first administration, eleven hundred and sixty prisoners. The fact that, during the previous administration, only eighty-four were pardoned, indicates the departure from the established method. The traditional thought concerning these people has been that they are an outcast class by themselves. On seeing the prisoners together, some good friends have said with surprise: "They really look just like the people outside." They are like the rest of us. If they are injured by the machinery in the prison shop, they bleed. They are responsive to thoughtfulness and kindness.

Of the eleven hundred and sixty pardoned and paroled, one hundred and seventy-three have been returned. This is little more than one-half of the percentage of those who formerly

returned, after working out the full measurement of their punishment. This may indicate that a wise selection was made, or what is more probable, that the quality of mercy shown has added strength and virility to their resolutions.

Each case is considered, not as a part of an outcast class, but as an individual with a personal history of human interest. The mother of a family of small children comes, asking for the release of a drinking, neglectful husband. He is a carpenter, and can get work at good wages. If he stays his full time, he will come out in mid-winter, with his summer clothes and straw hat. There will be no opportunity for work. If the greatest sufferer, his wife, is willing to forgive him, and give him another chance to support his family, why should the city stand between them?

The pressure of necessity, and an unusual opportunity to do wrong, sometimes combine in an overpowering temptation. A man out of a job, with a needy, hungry family, is abnormally susceptible. Our local papers appeared one day with headlines "Greater love hath no man than this." A lineman had rushed to the rescue of his fellow workman, who had been caught by a live electric wire. Fifteen years of experience in this work had made him familiar with the risk and danger. He grasped the wire. The fatal shock passed through his own body. He had saved his comrade, but lost his own life. He was called a hero. He was one of our paroled prisoners from the Workhouse. His Police Court sentence was thirty days, \$50 and costs, for stealing. He had been out of a job, with a wife and a little child dependent upon him. This man was not a thief in his heart.

Thirty days, \$25 and costs is a sentence sometimes given for what the prisoners call "just an ordinary plain drunk." In so far as drunkenness is a disease, our methods of treating it are unreasonable. Jerry Donovan has been sent to the Workhouse eighty-eight times for intoxication, and he is not yet cured. He grew up as an English sailor boy, and drifted to the Great Lakes. He is about sixty years of age, has had a rough life, but when sober, is industrious and honest. He

has not the face of a criminal. Libby Kelly has been sent to the Workhouse seventy-nine times. During a period of twenty-four years she spent over sixteen years in prison. She said to me: "I don't think they have done me much good in sending me out here."

Three men have taken their own lives in the face of the desperate struggle with the drink habit. The hopelessness of the outlook led them to suicide. To send such to an ordinary Workhouse for thirty or ninety days is neither just nor humane.

There is an army of unfortunate and weak men who are sickly, defective, or crippled. In our modern industrial system there seems to be no place for them. In summer they are just able to make their way, but winter leads them to offenses for which they are put in prison. Under present conditions, for the weak and friendless to degenerate into the vagrant or tramp class is not surprising. Pathetic though it may seem, it is not at all uncommon for men to ask to be arrested and sent to the Workhouse.

The crowd and rush of the Police Court forbids thorough examination into the sanity and responsibility of the accused. A slightly demented grandmother, seventy-two years old, was sent out to the Workhouse. A German woman, insane and about to give birth to a child, received a severe sentence. The same condemnation fell upon an old negro, whose insanity appeared in the wearing of numberless badges on his coat. These were all transferred to other institutions where they received proper treatment.

Men are sent out for from sixty to ninety days on the ground of suspicion, without any further investigation, and without positive evidence of guilt.

The hasty judgments are sometimes not only unreasonable, but vicious. A ruddy, innocent country boy was given a long sentence for going out on his father's farm with a hired man, who shot at a crow. It was claimed that the boy was guilty of a technical violation of the game-law.

The custom of making confinement exchangeable into a fine results in what is really imprisonment for debt. Here are two

men sent to the House of Correction for ten days, \$10 and costs. After the ten days, one has money to pay his fine, but the other one cannot pay fine and costs, and, consequently, remains in prison for an additional twenty days. While technically not so, it is practically imprisoned for being poor. Two boys were implicated in the breaking of a window. One of them, who had a comfortable home, was released because his father paid his fine. The other boy, Henry Kirchner, had no home. His mother was dead, his father was a drunkard. The poor boy had no money, and was sent to the Workhouse for three weeks.

A notorious pick-pocket, Henry Jones, with many aliases, asked for a pardon and was refused, as it was evident that his only desire was to be free to prey on society. It was truly said that justice and the good of society demanded his confinement, but his friends paid his fine of \$56.50, and he went out a free man, and that too in the name of justice.

If the good of the offenders or of society demands that the prisoner should be held thirty days, he should be so held, regardless of his social and financial standing. Of the eleven hundred and sixty pardoned and paroled, over nine hundred had worked out the days of their sentences, and were confined on account of fines. In other words, if they could have paid the money, more than nine hundred of those paroled could have gone out free before we even considered their cases.

The crudeness and cruelty of our methods is most manifested in dealing with the women. The low wages paid in the stores and factories lead girls and women into sin and shame. A girl seventeen years old had been arrested for stealing to the amount of less than a dollar in value. Shut up in her iron cell, she was heartbroken. She did not understand how she could have yielded to temptation, and committed the theft. In speaking of her home life, she said she was working nine and a half hours a day for \$3.50 a week. She had worked over a year for \$2 per week. She was helping in the support of her widowed mother and two small children. The crime society was committing toward the girl was infinitely more than her

crime. Our social and industrial conditions are constantly crowding girls and women into lives of shame. These victims of social wrongs are brought in wagon-loads for punishment. The courts have been supported in part by the fines they pay.

In one of the local papers, a touching story appeared of one of these young women who was friendless, and who asked the privilege of making her home for the time in the Workhouse. Her request was granted, and there were over twenty offers of help and friendship. Most of them were genuine, but one woman from the aristocratic part of the city, offered to give the girl "a good home" provided she would do all the work, washing and ironing, for \$1.50 a week. Another offered, on the same conditions, "a good home" and \$1 a week. One of these young women, when arrested, attempted suicide by cutting her own throat, and after the wound was dressed, she even tore off the bandages. One of the most hopeless cases is now an officer in the Salvation Army. Of the fifty-two women who were paroled in one year, and for whom places of employment were found, only four returned. The lack of opportunity to earn a comfortable living is the dead wall in life's path-way by which many are turned aside into the by-ways of misery, vice and crime.

The boys in their mischievousness and depredations have been driven downward by the same hard treatment. The children of the slums have a poor chance, and the wonder is that they do so well. Arrest these boys, call them criminals, send them to jail, is a short way, but the devil's way. Since the coming of the Juvenile Court, the sight of from eight to twelve boys in the Police Station is no more. Some of these boys were arrested and branded as jailbirds for stealing apples or pears. Some good men would have been lost to the State and even to the Church, if every boy who has taken apples, peaches, or watermelons had been branded as a criminal. One lad, twelve years old, hung himself in the county jail. A boy with the nerve to make a rope of his sheet, and put it around his neck, must have had in him the possibility of great power.

The future of society depends on the solution of the prob-

lems of the weak, the unprivileged, and the outcast. Thoughtfulness, service and ministry to "one of the least of these" is not merely a pleasing sentiment, but it indicates the only rational method of social progress. To open opportunities for the poorest and the weakest is to render the highest and most permanent social service. It is economy as well as justice for society to give more thoughtful attention to the unfortunate and the criminal, to the social wreckage of our modern life. To despair of these is to lose hope for the world. In 1900, the last years of the old regime, the average number of prisoners in the House of Correction in June, was four hundred and ninety-one. The average for June, 1903, was two hundred and twenty-four, at which time, according to our police officials, the city was unusually orderly and quiet. The men are apparently at work again, as useful members of society. We have the records of many who are occupying good positions and are doing faithful service. The kindlier treatment has not increased crime. What is equally important, it has added a little more of the humane spirit to our body social.

HARRIS R. COOLEY.

Cleveland, Ohio.

FLORENTINE DAYS.

FLORENCE is a dream, an enchantment, an atmosphere, rather than a city in Italy. It is utterly unique, and has nothing in common with Rome, or Naples, or Venice, or Milan, or Genoa. One even forgets that it speaks the same language, so wholly is the Tuscan city a vision, a memory and a prophecy. Amid the stately sculpture of Santa Croce; the dim shadows of the Duomo with the blaze of scarlet light from pictured windows; the rich treasures of the Pitti and the Uffizi; the historic past of the Palazzo Vecchio, or in the cloisters of Santa Maria Novella—amid these are gathered impressions that lie in one's character, moulding and influencing all the after life, filling it with shapes of beauty and dreams of color. The richest in pictorial art of any city in Italy; the most enthralling in that marvelous past that lives again in the present; the most fascinating in its romance; the most enchanting in its amethyst atmosphere, Florence holds over her lovers a mysterious power. After leaving "la bella Firenze" one comes to wonder whether the fair city, set gem-like amid her mountains, is a dream or a reality, and approaching her again she seems mirage-like—a memory city only, and one is conscious of surprise when the vast dome of Santa Maria del Fiore is again in view silhouetted against the horizon. In the bewildering days of early May the dazzling blue of the skies gleams through luminous air over the rose-flushed amethyst of the mountains; the pale gold of the Marechal Niel roses contrasts on the hillside with the eglantine and the masses of Florentine lilies that bloom at the foot of gray stone walls, filling the air with fragrance. Every nook and street is vocal with song from strolling musicians; and in the splendor of moonlit nights, while the stars hang over San Miniato, and the Arno reflects the myriad lights from the old palaces that line its banks, one feels all the indescribable spell that Florence lays upon her lovers.

Never were history and art interwoven in closer relations than in Florence. Florentine art is, indeed, simply consecrated by the nobility, the sacrifice, the loftiness of purpose out of which it springs, and the glory of its past still lives in every church and gallery. Loitering, one day, in the grim shadows of San Lorenzo, I looked down and found I was standing on the very slab of marble that covered the grave of Cosimo I. of the Medici; the man whose learning and whose enthusiasm for the arts and sciences made Florence, during his reign and, afterward, the metropolis of liberal arts. On this slab of porphyry was an inscription recording that Cosimo di Medici, "Pater Patrie," rested beneath, and that he died in the August of 1464. What a panorama of history has filled the five and a half centuries since that date. When Cosimo died America was not discovered. Europe was in its medieval darkness. The world has practically been created anew since that remote date.

Cosimo I. seems to have been a man of tremendous force and vast intellectual energy. Every gallery, and church, and piazza in Florence has traces of him, in statue, bust, portrait, tablet, or monument. When he came into power he annexed Sienna to his dukedom; he reopened and extended the University of Pisa; he enlarged the port of Leghorn, thus giving a great impulse to commerce, and he promoted learning and communicated a great impulse to art in Florence. Cosimo married the Duchessa Eleanora of Toledo and they set up their household gods in the Palazzo Vecchio. Here one may climb the long flights of stone stairs to the upper floor from whose windows there is one of the most beautiful and interesting views of Florence. One looks down on the piazza della Signoria where Savonarola was burned; on the loggia, filled with wonderful sculpture, and sees in the far horizon lines the blue line of the encircling mountains. In these rooms there is still remaining furniture used by Cosimo and Eleanora,—inlaid cabinets and tables, great vases, and sofas and chairs in tarnished gilt and faded brocade. In the mean time Luca Pitti had built the grand and spacious Palazzo Pitti, which his

profligate descendants were obliged to sell, and it was purchased by the Duchessa Eleanora and thus became the residence palace of the Medici. It was during its occupancy by Cosimo and Eleanora that the covered passage over the Arno, connecting the Pitti and the Uffizi galleries, was constructed—both to connect the palace with the seat of government (the council chamber in Palazzo Vecchio) and also as furnishing a means of escape in case of attempted assassinations which were events to be counted upon in those days.

It was a curious turn of destiny that the Palazzo Pitti, built by Luca Pitti out of enmity and rivalry to the Medici families, as a means of surpassing the grandeur of any of their houses, should finally come into possession of the Medici. It was in 1441 that Luca Pitti gave to Brunelleschi the order to design him a palace so vast "that the doors of the Medici should serve as models for the windows" of his own, and in 1599 this palace became one of the residences of the Medici family.

It is the Duchessa Eleanora who is the original of Titian's "La Bella." The picture represents a young and beautiful woman with a delicate patrician face, the luxuriant hair coiled in braids, the three-fourths length figure costumed in a rich, brocade gown, décolleté, with long, puffed sleeves. It is in the Pitti gallery, where mornings are rich in their study of the choice masterpieces collected there, and lend themselves to stand in memory as among the treasured experiences of Florentine Days.

LILIAN WHITING.

Boston, Mass.

ONE FROM THE BEGINNING: A PSYCHOLOGICAL STORY.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

CHAPTER I.

I FIRST met Warren Clifford at one of the college clubs in New York, where he was introduced to me by a friend. I was impressed by the fact that I had been brought in contact with a most remarkable man. It was not so much what he said as a power that he seemed to exert over his listener. There was something so quiet, yet so magnetic, that you could not help being attracted to him. One felt that here was a man with reserve power great enough to accomplish almost anything. As time went on we grew to be fast friends, and the admiration and respect which I had for him in the beginning deepened into a strong, true affection, which was heartily reciprocated. I frequently was invited to his house to dine, and there met his wife and only son, a bright, manly boy of ten. His wife was very beautiful and extremely talented, being a fine linguist and also an excellent pianist. I enjoyed the evenings spent at Clifford's house more than at any other place I visited. There was something so refined and harmonious in the home atmosphere that I never left their home without having higher aspirations and a desire to live a truer life.

There was something, however, about Clifford that I never seemed to penetrate, an intangible something which made him different from any man I had ever known. I had often thought and reasoned about it, but could reach no solution as to what that something might be.

I met him at the club one night. We had smoked cigars together and I was about ready to leave when he said: "Say, old fellow, dine with Mollie and me to-morrow night. After dinner Mollie's aunt and uncle are going to call to take her to the opera,

and we can spend a nice quiet evening together." I readily accepted the invitation, and was on hand next evening at an early dinner. After dinner Mrs. Clifford, while waiting for her aunt and uncle to appear, sat down to the piano and played a Chopin Nocturne exquisitely. Clifford was sitting so that the light fell across his face, while I was somewhat in the shadow. I was listening intently to Mrs. Clifford's music, and could not help but see Clifford's face very distinctly. All at once it lighted up with a smile of recognition as though he had seen someone. I looked in the direction in which he was looking, but saw nothing but a vacant settee. In doing this I had moved my position very slightly, and the motion attracted Clifford's attention. He looked at me sharply, and there must have been a look of inquiry in my eyes, because I noticed for an instant that he seemed to be embarrassed. It was only for an instant, however; just then Mrs. Clifford ceased playing. There was a ring at the door-bell and the uncle and aunt were ushered in, and a few minutes later all three left for the opera. After their leaving I perceived a slight constraint in Clifford's conversation such as I had not noticed before. I could not think to what to attribute it. Our conversation drifted from one topic to another until I mentioned to him that I had lately joined the Society for Physical Research. The conversation, which had been lagging somewhat, changed, and I found my companion possessed of a fund of knowledge along psychical lines that was almost astounding to me. The subject had never come up in any of our discussions before. Up to a few months previous I had been a sceptic, but certain things coming under my observation had awakened an interest in my mind, and I had decided to make as thorough an investigation into psychic matters as I could.

Previous to this time I had been very much of a materialist, and when I took up this new investigation I said almost nothing about it to my friends. I suppose that was the reason why the subject had never been discussed before in our conversation. "Clifford," I said, "have you ever seen anything that would tend to convince you that people who have passed from this

body can appear again to their friends?" He looked at me intently, but said nothing. His silence was becoming embarrassing, and I felt that I must say something more to break it. Without hardly knowing why, I said: "Did you see someone to-night? Why did you smile while your wife was playing as though you had recognized someone and were glad to see him?" We were sitting on opposite sides of the table in the library to which we had retired to smoke after Mrs. Clifford had left for the opera. His eyes, that had been fixed on me so intently, dropped, and for a minute he sat looking at the floor; then, looking up, he said: "Phillip, I have a great mind to tell you something that no one else knows, not even my wife. It is a strange story, and one that few people would care to believe. Perhaps you may not believe it when I have told it to you." I assured him that so great was my confidence in him that anything he might tell me would never be questioned in my mind. I could see that there was some hesitation in his mind as to whether he should tell me the story or not but after a minute he began, and from this on I shall try to give the story as he told it to me.

He began: "As a boy I must have differed in many respects from other boys; I was never much interested in their plays or games and consequently I did not associate much with them. I loved to go into the woods and to roam about in the fields, to listen to the birds singing. All nature seemed to come very close to me and somehow I felt that I was part of it. My mind was filled with thoughts such as young boys seldom have. In a way I felt myself shut off from other children, and I lived a life very much in myself. Even as a boy I would see things weeks in advance of their coming. I made a confidante of my mother, and she seemed to understand me thoroughly, but she told me not to talk to others about it because they would not understand. One day she told me that it would not be long before she would have to leave me, but that sometimes she would come and see me again, and that she would be able to see and talk with me, but no one else would be able to see or hear her. I was nine years old then. A few weeks after-

ward my mother kissed me and bade me good-night, and the following morning I was told that she was dead; but she was not dead to me, for many times in the years that have come and gone she has come to me to cheer and comfort me.

"When I was ten years old my father moved to the city. Directly opposite our home was a large house with spacious grounds. I used to see a boy of about my own age and a girl perhaps two years younger, playing in the grounds. For quite a number of days I watched them; I was away from the woods and the fields, and for the first time, I think, I longed for the companionship of another boy. My father knew the people in the opposite house, and one day took me with him to call. I was shy and bashful at first, but that soon passed away, because Robert Hartley (that was the name of the boy) was a very social, happy, light-hearted boy, and it did not take me long to become thoroughly acquainted with him, as well as his little sister Mollie, as her father called her. We grew to be inseparable friends and companions. Robert was just as opposite from me as it was possible for two boys to be. He was always interested in games and sports of all kinds, and his interest grew as he grew older. He never cared much about his studies, although somehow he managed to keep up with them, but notwithstanding this we grew day by day to love one another more and more. When I wanted to leave the city and go into the country Hartley, while not caring much for the country, always wanted to go with me, and when he went to his games of baseball and football I was always an interested onlooker, not because I enjoyed the games, but because I wanted Hartley to win.

"He was the life of everything in which he took part, and no boy that went to school was more popular among his fellows than he. The years went by and our fathers decided, because it was our wish, that we should go to the same college. At college Hartley took the lead in all kinds of sports. He was an all-round athlete, rowed, played baseball and was quarterback on the university football team. He was a favorite with everyone. You might have thought that a young man would

have grown weary of a comrade who could not enter into life and enjoy it as he did, but year by year our friendship had cemented until the college boys called us Damon and Pythias. One day Hartley, blushing all over, told me that he had been to a party the night before and had met one of the most beautiful and interesting girls he had ever known. A feeling almost akin to jealousy came into my mind, but I tried to put it away by thinking that it was only a passing fancy of Hartley's, and it soon would be forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

"As the weeks went by I saw less and less of Hartley. We had been in the habit of spending our nights together studying, but now Hartley, instead of studying, was usually out for the evening. When we were together he could talk of no one but Maude Brandon. Once he said: 'Warren, old boy, you must listen to me, you must see and know her. She is really anxious to meet you. I have talked about you so much that she went to Mrs. Perry herself and asked that you be invited to the ball to be given next Wednesday night; so there is no way out of it, old fellow; you have just got to go.' I had no desire to meet Maude, but I saw it was useless to protest, and, with the best grace I could muster, I consented, very much against my will, however, because I had a presentiment that my going would bring some very great change in my life. I did not see what it was going to be this time; I only felt it.

"The invitation came, and on the appointed evening I was at the ball. Mrs. Perry's ball was the great affair of the season and the rooms were crowded. Soon I caught a glimpse of Hartley talking with a lady on the opposite side of the room. Almost at the same instant he saw me and I could see him speak to the lady, and, making a detour to avoid the people in the middle of the room, he and his companion came toward me. A minute later he was introducing me to Miss Brandon. As we shook hands our eyes met and a thrill went through my whole being.

"In my conversation with her that night, which lasted for some few minutes, I was at my very best. I could see that she was interested. Somehow I was very glad that I had attended the ball. I met Hartley the next day and he said: 'Clifford, old fellow, you were deucedly clever last night; Maude said you were the most interesting conversationalist she had ever met.' I said nothing, but secretly in my heart felt glad. I set myself to work from that time on to get invitations to all the social functions that were going. The society that I had hated and detested in the past I now courted in every way. I tried to make myself agreeable to people, and succeeded to such a degree that invitations kept coming to me from every quarter. At many of the places I met Maude and we grew to be fast friends. At first Hartley looked upon our friendship with favor, but after a time I noticed that he showed a feeling at times almost of irritation, and I could feel that, little by little, we were drifting apart. In the meantime I had asked permission from Miss Brandon to call on her.

"It seems that Maude's father and Hartley's had been classmates at college many years before and the Brandons made as much of young Hartley as they would of an own son, he coming and going as it suited him. There had been no talk of an engagement between Hartley and their daughter, although many people thought it would end in that. I understood something of the circumstances. There was nothing of the flirt in Maude Brandon, but I do think there was something of an uncertainty in her mind as to which she cared for the more, and sometimes I seemed to be the favored one, and at others Hartley. I afterwards learned that Hartley made quite apparent his disapproval of my calling on her. This was our last year at college, so things drifted on until all intercourse between Hartley and myself had practically ceased. I believed that I was gaining in Miss Brandon's affections day by day. One reason for this was the change in Hartley's disposition, which had now become exceedingly irritable and critical. Miss Brandon resented his moods. The consequence was he grew more in disfavor and I grew more in favor.

"The closing days of college had come. We both graduated, Hartley just pulling through and I graduating with high honors.

"Hartley was stroke in the university crew that year and a large party of our friends was made up to go to witness the race. I was asked by the Brandons to be one of a party to go up two days before the race in a steam yacht. When we arrived at the place the Brandons were to stop at a hotel, but I asked permission to sleep on board the yacht. Hartley had gone to his boating quarters two weeks before.

"We left early in the afternoon and did not arrive at our destination until it was thought to be too late to go ashore. We cast anchor and some one proposed a game of whist. I had asked Maude to stay with me on the deck and so we begged to be excused.

"It was a wonderfully beautiful June night. At first we walked up and down the deck, enjoying the beauty of the scene. The harbor was filled with yachts and vessels of all descriptions. The little city with its lights aglare—the whole scene—was delightful beyond description to one who had been kept closely at his studies for a long eight months. After awhile we sat down in the bow of the yacht. Somehow I knew during the day that this night would settle my fate. I felt that I was desperately in love with Maude, and that I could not live without her, and I was vain enough to think that she cared something for me. So there in the bow of the boat, with the moon shining down upon us, I told her my love, and when we arose to go to the cabin she had consented to be my wife. I suppose we both should have been the happiest mortals on earth, but somehow an element of sadness slightly marred our happiness. I am quite sure we were both thinking of Hartley. After Maude had retired I went up to the bow again and sat down. As I sat looking over the water far out to sea, a spell seemed to be cast about me. My mind travelled back to my childhood hours; step by step I went over the whole history of my life. As I sat there Bobby Hartley, as

I used to call him, and Mollie seemed to be with me. I was very fond of Mollie in those far-away days, and she used to say that she loved me just as much as she did Bobby. For a time my mind dwelt on those happy childhood hours. Then came the time for leaving home for college and my mind reviewed the last four years. It was a mingled feeling of triumph and almost a sense of degradation. I felt that I had not played a manly part; that Hartley was really justified in his resentment to me; but as I sat there that all faded out and the very water about me seemed to be tossing in wild confusion. All at once I caught sight of a boat, a small boat with only one occupant, being tossed hither and thither by the waves. The occupant was a man, but I could not see his face for his back was toward me. Just then a great wave capsized the boat, and at that moment the man's face was turned toward me. It was the face of Hartley. There he was struggling in the water for his life, but to no avail. 'Great God!' I said, 'Is there no way to save him?' I sprang to my feet. In an instant everything changed. There was the water perfectly still and the moon shining brightly overhead, and I knew it was a vision such as I had seen many times before concerning things which would come to pass.

"I slept little that night, and early next day I made my way up to the clubhouse where the boat crew was stopping. They had just come in from a spin on the harbor. I knew most of the crew and I had spoken and shaken hands with them when I noticed Hartley standing a little to one side. I went up to him and holding out my hand said: 'Hartley, old fellow, I am glad to see you.' He did not offer to take my hand, but looking me straight in the eyes, said: 'I wish I could say the same thing to you.' Then he said: 'Clifford, may I speak with you for a minute?' I said: 'Certainly,' and so we walked outside the club. After we had gone a little way, he said: 'I have just a few words to say which will only take a minute or two, and then I am done forever.'

"'Very well,' I said, 'go ahead.' 'You know, Clifford, how I have loved Maude Brandon, and I think you know also that she cared something for me until you came between us, and in

her heart I believe that she loves me yet; that she is under your spell; that you exert a mesmeric or hypnotic influence upon her; that she is carried away by the glamour of it all.'

"'Stop,' I cried. 'I will not allow you to speak of my intended wife in that way.'

"'Great Heavens!' he exclaimed, 'your intended wife? Has it gone that far?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'it has. We are engaged.'

"He grew white and pressed his hand to his heart and a tremor shook his body; then the blood came rushing back to his face and a look of anger and hate such as I had never seen before came into it.

"'Clifford,' he said, 'by all that is true, she is mine, and there is no power in earth or heaven that can take her from me.'

"Trying to keep as cool as I could, I said: 'There is a greater power than you know anything about that will take her from you. In a few weeks, possibly days, you will be drowned.'

"'What do you mean?'

"'Only this,' I said. 'Last night in a vision I saw you in a boat. There was a storm, the boat was capsized, and you were drowned.'

"'So this is more of your devilish black magic,' he said. 'I believed in you once. I believed you to be a true, straightforward man. I may be drowned as you say. You may marry Maude Brandon, but I will come back to earth and haunt you so long as you live, and at last I will claim Maude for my own because she is my own. *We were one from the beginning.*'

"Strange as it may appear, while Hartley was talking all sense of resentment passed away; his words only awakened an overwhelming sense of pity. I knew that he loved Maude. I felt that it was the one great desire of his life to marry her. My own conscience was not quite at rest in the matter. I asked myself, even as I stood there, whether I had acted in a straightforward, manly way, and I could feel no assurance that I had. 'Well, Hartley,' I said, 'I have always been your friend, and feel nothing other than friendship for you now. I am sorry you take the attitude you do, but I suppose there is no help for

it.' 'No,' he said, 'there is no help. Your way and mine part forever. Good day.' And he turned on his heel and walked away.

"That same afternoon Maude and her father called on Hartley only to be informed by an attendant that Hartley said he was going to rest, and did not care to see anyone."

CHAPTER III.

"The next day was the day of the race and all the large and small craft were gay with bunting. Everything had a holiday appearance. The race was to be rowed at ten o'clock in the morning. A great race had been expected that year as it was thought that the two crews were very evenly matched. Hartley was stroke for his crew. Promptly at ten o'clock both crews were in readiness to start. All at once the starter fired his pistol and they were away. For the first hundred yards Hartley's crew was perhaps a quarter of a length ahead, then the other crew pushed up until they were even, then forged slightly ahead. And so it went, first one boat a little ahead, then both even, then the other a little ahead. It was such a race as had never before been seen. The excited people on the boats and yachts were shouting to encourage their favorite crews as though their very lives depended upon it. The pace was heart-breaking. No one could tell which crew was going to win. Now both boats were even. They were nearing the finish line, only fifty yards away, neither having the advantage. All at once Hartley's boat made a spurt; the other crew gamely responded, but it was too late. Hartley's crew crossed the line less than a quarter of a length ahead, but just as it did Hartley was seen to drop his oar; he fell side-ways, and, in the twinkling of an eye, was overboard. At once everything was in confusion. The boats hurried to the scene. Everyone was looking for him to come to the surface, but to no avail. The hours went by. Divers were sent down and at last the body was found. The man who did more than anyone in his boat to win the race had passed through victory into another life.

"That day was a sad one. The old town did not resound with the cheers of the conquering crew. The students of both colleges left for home at once.

"Mr. Brandon was active in prosecuting the search for the body, and when it was found it was sent to Hartley's home. The accident affected me profoundly. Somehow I associated with it a sense of responsibility, but as the weeks and months passed on it began to fade little by little from my memory. We were nearing the Christmas time, and Maude and I were to be married. We were both looking forward to it with the happiest expectation. At last the day came—that never to be forgotten Christmas day. The wedding was in church and the little building was crowded to overflowing. I felt very proud and happy that bright Christmas morning. At last Maude and I stood face to face with the kindly, old, gray-haired clergyman. The beautiful Episcopal marriage service was finished, and, as my wife and I turned to walk down the aisle, a man faced me. 'Merciful heavens!' I moaned, and fainted away. They carried me out in the cold air, but it took quite a time before I recovered consciousness. No one could understand it. I looked so strong and well. The man I had seen was Robert Hartley, just as he had looked the day I had last met him. I said nothing to my wife or anyone. This secret was locked up in my own breast. I was not the happy bridegroom that I had expected to be during our honeymoon. There was an indefinable dread and apprehension that the end was not yet.

"Our honeymoon was finished and we returned home. I to take up my professional work, and my wife the duties of our little home. We were both happy, but I do not think it was quite the happiness that we had expected. It would be very hard for me to define the intangible something which always seemed to keep us just a little apart, and as the weeks passed this, instead of lessening, seemed rather to grow. The spring-time had come and the earth was radiant in all its glory. The trees were in bloom, and the fragrance of the flowers filled the air. Ours was a delightful little home situated just outside of the city. There was a beautiful little arbor covered with

honeysuckle at one end of the house. I returned early one afternoon in order to take Maude for a drive. The doors of the house were open, but, after looking through some of the rooms and not finding Maude, I thought perhaps she might be in the arbor. As I wended my steps thither, I could catch a glimpse of her white dress through the opening. In a minute I was by her side. She did not see me as her head was bent very slightly forward, and at the same instant I noticed a man with his arms about her. I took a step forward, and by that movement the man's attention seemed to be attracted to me. He turned toward me and I recognized Hartley's face. A look of triumph was on it. Another step and he had vanished. My wife started up. 'Why, Clifford, is that you? I am so glad that you have come,' she said. 'But what's the matter? Your face is as pale as death. Has anything happened?' It was all I could do to retain my consciousness. I staggered to Maude's side and sat down.

"It was some time before I was able to speak. My whole body seemed benumbed, yet my mind was clear and active. The thought came to me, what should I say to my wife? Should I tell her the truth? No. I felt that she would not understand it. Besides Hartley's name had not passed the lips of either of us for months. Any conversation that might lead up to it would quickly be changed by one or the other. My wife was vigorously rubbing my head. When at last I was able to speak I said that I was faint, and if she would kindly bring me a glass of water I thought the faintness would soon pass away. 'How careless I have been,' she said, 'not to have thought of it before,' and she hurried off to get the water. By the time she had returned I had regained my composure to a great degree and turned my best attention to overcoming my wife's agitation. I told her that in all probability the faint was occasioned by my going without lunch. I did this in order to keep her from asking further questions. Within half an hour we went to drive, and by evening I was comparatively myself again. And so the days and weeks went by, and I had begun to think that I had seen the last of Hartley. I had business in

a neighboring city which would require my absence from home for a day or two, and my wife had invited a friend to come and stay with her while I was gone. It was the first time we had been separated since our marriage, so kissing her an affectionate good-by I said: 'Now, Maude, if you need me for anything, be sure you telegraph me to come home.' Promising me she would we parted. I could not help feeling, however, that something was impending. What it was I could not tell, but the fear was ever in my thoughts. At two o'clock on the next day I felt an irresistible impulse to return home. My business had not been completed but the impulse grew on me to such a degree that it absorbed my whole mind. I took the first train for home, arriving in the city late at night, and finding a street car that would take me to within half a mile of my house, I decided to walk the rest of the way.

"It was a beautiful moonlight night. The harvest moon was high in the heavens. It was so light that you could see things very distinctly. As I approached my home I noticed that the only light in the house was in my wife's boudoir. There was a little balcony with windows opening from this room. It was just large enough for two to be seated comfortably. Often during the summer nights had we sat out there and passed perhaps the pleasantest hours of our lives. The roadway which led to the house had trees on either side. Because of their great, overhanging branches one could not see the house distinctly. As I came nearer the house, however, I saw some one sitting on the balcony. I wondered why Maude should be up so late. Just then she arose from the chair. She was dressed in a flowing white gown. She had hardly done so when a man arose from another chair. I could see him put his arm about her waist and the two disappeared through the window and it closed after them. I cannot relate the sensations that crept over me. Anger, jealousy, hatred filled me with a perfect fury. I kept as much in the shadow of the trees as possible, and walking around the house let myself in by a side entrance, crept stealthily up the stairs and stood listening outside my wife's door. At first I could hear no sound, then I heard someone

moving in the room as though they were walking up and down. Every sense was alert. After a few minutes I heard a man's voice say: 'Maude, I love you. I love you with all my heart and soul. I have come for you. I want you to go with me. I want you to leave this very night. Come, my darling.' I could stand it no longer. My blood was on fire. I tried the knob of the door, but it was locked. I threw my whole weight against the door and it gave way. I rushed into the room. My wife had sprung from a couch upon which she was lying. I caught sight of her first. Just then my attention was attracted to the window which was open, and there standing in the doorway with his face toward me was Robert Hartley, the same triumphant look upon his face. I took a step forward and he vanished, just as I sank to the floor unconscious."

CHAPTER IV.

"When I returned to consciousness again my wife and the doctor were by my bedside. I looked from one to the other without understanding the meaning. Slowly the scene that I had passed through came to me. I put both hands to my head. Oh! the agony of it all. It seemed more than I could bear. After a little I let my hands fall by my side and opening my eyes I looked at my wife and the doctor. I could see that Maude had an anxious, worried look, and that she was very pale. The doctor bent over me and said a few words about his being glad that I was better, and that he would call again in the morning, and then left the room.

"My wife, drawing her chair close to my bedside, sat down beside me and took one of my hands in both of hers. For a minute we looked into each other's eyes. Then she said: 'Warren, tell me what is the matter? What happened to you? Why did you break through the door?' I could see that she felt there was something wrong and was determined to know what it was. 'Maude,' I said, 'did anything happen to you to-night before I came?' She said: 'Why, no, Warren, what makes you ask that question? When I retired to my room I locked the door and got ready to go to bed, but did not feel sleepy. I

looked out upon the beautiful moonlight night, and I was feeling very lonesome for you, and I decided to sit out on the balcony. It was very beautiful out there, and I sat there for a long time. Then I came back into my room and shut the window, but somehow I did not feel like going to bed, and I lay down on the lounge.' 'But you say, Maude, you shut the window?' 'Yes,' she answered, 'I did, but after a little the room seemed close and I got up and opened it again.' 'Maude,' I said, 'did you hear any voice speaking to you before I broke in the door?' 'No,' she said. 'Warren, what do you mean?' And a look of intense surprise came into her face. I was conscious then that she had known nothing of what had transpired. 'Maude,' I said, 'before I tell you what I mean, I wish to ask you one question. As you sat out there in the moonlight, did you think of Robert Hartley?' A shiver seemed to shake her whole body and she said: 'Yes, Warren, I did. It almost seemed to me as though he was there with me, and I was troubled by the thought of it, and I think that kept me awake.' 'Maude,' I said, 'I am not strong to-night. I feel that I cannot talk much more. Tomorrow I have something to tell you.' She bent over and kissed me, and in a few minutes I was fast asleep. The next day I was restless and nervous and did not feel strong enough to get up, and so I postponed what I had to tell my wife until the following day, when I was feeling much better. Then I unburdened my heart and told her everything. It made a profound impression upon her. After I was all through, she said: 'Warren, are you perfectly sure that all this you have told me is not imaginary?' 'No,' I said, 'it is all real, and now that you know it all we must see what can be done. I do not know what is right. I only know that if this continues I cannot stand it much longer.'

"From that time on there was a perfect freedom between Maude and me in our conversation. The constraint and embarrassment we had sometime felt entirely passed away. About a week later she said to me one evening, 'Warren, I have a brilliant idea. From what you have told me about the astral plane, clairvoyance and clairaudience, I want to know about it all my-

self. I want my psychic senses developed. I want to see and meet Robert Hartley and tell him that it is really you I love, not him, and that he must not trouble you any more.' I tried in every way to dissuade her, but it was of no avail, and finally she received my unwilling consent to take up the investigation of psychic things and her own psychic development.

"It was not without misgivings that I gave my assent to Maude's plan, for I knew the dangers that lie in the way of any one who would become psychically developed along other than natural lines. It might be asked how one as young as I was could know and understand so much about such matters, but from childhood I had been psychic, and my attention was not only called to the phenomenal side of the question, but I had become familiar with the laws under which certain things take place. While at college I had met a man, an instructor in the college, who had spent years of his life in the investigation of all kinds of occult phenomena, and from him I had acquired much valuable knowledge. Every student of the occult knows of the danger that lies in abnormal development. It is not necessary, however, at this time to explain. I only refer to it to show how fearful I was of the result. Maude insisted that I must do everything in my power to help her, and so I became the unwilling master of a most willing student; not only a willing student, but an apt one, as from the first she made wonderful progress. I was surprised at her quick understanding and the perfectly normal way her development came. We took up together the psychic breathing of the Hindu; meditation, concentration and many phases of psychism. As we progressed I became as deeply interested as Maude. Coming home one night, she said: 'Warren, I have had such a strange experience. I had gone through all the breathing exercises and had lain down on the lounge, and I soon found that the life forces were leaving the extremities of my body, but I had no fear. In a little time it seemed to me as if I had no hands or arms or feet or legs; by and by I felt a pleasurable sensation of being lifted up and floating away. Then I lost all consciousness of body, and all worldly things faded away. There was not even

the consciousness of thinking, and only the most ecstatic state of feeling, which no word can describe.' I questioned her as to whether she was conscious of being on another plane, or if she had seen or heard anyone. No. She had neither seen nor heard anything, only felt perfectly blissful as she described it. From what she told me I knew she had entered into the trance state which comes to people who are almost ready to leave the body and travel in the astral, or the more sublimated body. I tried to impress on her the necessity of caution. I explained to her that if she became once separated from the physical body and became conscious of it that it might cause her mind to be filled with fear, which would make it very difficult for her to come back and control it again. She protested that she was perfectly fearless and that I must not be afraid.

"Just at this time we heard of a wonderful Hindu who was giving instruction in occultism and kindred subjects, and Maude and I went to him and took individual instruction. Under his guidance we acquired much new knowledge and he took a great liking to us both. One day he said to me while I was alone with him: 'Mr. Clifford, I hardly know whether to tell you this or not, but some great force is acting on your wife to loosen her hold on this life. You must use your thought and will to keep her here.' I questioned him closely, but he would say no more.

"One day I had a feeling that something was impending; that a great crisis of some kind was near at hand. What that crisis was I had not the remotest idea, but my mind was so absorbed that everything I did during the day was done in an abstracted way. I returned to my home at night and found my wife in a particularly happy mood, and to a degree her brightness helped to dispel my own despondency. There was an undercurrent at work, however, and every few minutes my mind would be trying to solve the problem as to what would occur next. Something was coming. Of that I was sure. What could it be?

"It had been our custom to go through the breathing and psychic exercises before retiring at night. This night I entered

into it in a very half-hearted way, but Maude seemed to thoroughly enjoy everything she did. Shortly after retiring I went to sleep. I had been asleep perhaps two hours when suddenly I was awakened with a start. I sprang up in the bed. My first thought was of Maude. I put my hand out and it touched hers. Merciful Father! It was as cold and clammy as the hand of the dead. I touched her face and forehead; I bent over her. Oh, the awful shock! She was dead. Just then it seemed as though a shadow was cast on the wall. When we retired the light had been left burning low. I turned quickly. There were Maude and Hartley standing at the other side of the bed, hand in hand. It was more than I could endure. I suppose I must have fainted away, but when I became conscious my hand was resting upon the hand of my wife and it seemed as though the hand was warm. I touched her face again, and it was warm. I bent over her, and the breath was coming. In a few minutes she opened her eyes, and, with a look of surprise, she said: 'Why, Warren, what is the matter? What has happened?' I said: 'Has anything happened to you, dear?' And she said: 'Why, no, I went to sleep right after going to bed. It does seem as though I had a beautiful dream, but I cannot recall it.'

"I slept little that night and was very nervous the next day. Within a day or two I noticed that Maude was not as strong. She did not seem to be as bright or happy as she had been before. Very often she would sit for minutes at a time looking into space as though she was trying to see something. She was losing interest in everything about her. I could feel that her interest in me had lessened. As the days went by this condition seemed to increase. Finally I proposed to her that she should go on a visit to her father and mother, and I would go with her. She acquiesced to my plan, and a day or two later we went. At first, after getting home, she seemed to rally, but it was only temporary. After we had been away a week I had a telegram calling me home on an important business matter that would require my presence for at least a day and a night. I cannot tell you how distressed I felt to leave her that morning. She clung to me and did not want me to go,

and yet the matter seemed so imperative that I could not well put it aside. Then she wanted to go with me, but her father and mother wished her so much to stay that it was decided that I should go and return at the earliest possible moment. And so with heavy hearts we kissed each other good-by. I was in a state of unrest all that day, and when night came I returned to my home—my home that seemed so lonely and deserted. I ate my dinner by myself, and then going into the library took up a book and sat down to read. I read for a time, then dozed off. I wakened from my slumber shivering. The lamp on the table burned low. The light in the room came mostly from the coal fire in the grate. I had a feeling that something was about to happen. What could it be? My attention was all at once attracted to the door. It was moving. Little by little it was opened. I strained my eyes but could not see anyone. Now the door was wide open. I could not speak or move. My eyes were fixed in the direction of the door. All at once I saw two forms and they were very indistinct at first. They were coming toward the open door. A little nearer, now they were in the doorway, now inside of the room, and the light of the fire shone so that I could see their faces. The faces were those of Maude and Hartley. They stood there hand in hand looking at me. The hard, triumphant look on Hartley's face had passed away, and there was a sense of joy and rest in it. I had no sensation of fainting, but I cannot describe what I felt or thought other than in the most indistinct way. As they stood there, Maude, loosening her hand from Hartley's, came toward me and bent over me. Putting her hands on either side of my face she kissed me; once, twice, thrice. Then leaving me she went to Hartley and took him by the hand and brought him to me. He reached out his hand to me in the same old loving way and I grasped it. A minute later and they had gone. I sat there in my easy chair, looking at the open door and again I was startled by the ringing of a bell. I sprang to my feet and went toward the door, but the door was shut. I was dazed. Again the bell rang. I opened the door and I was in the hall. The servants had all retired. I

opened the front door, and there was a district messenger boy with a telegram. I went back to the room, and, lighting a gas jet mechanically, signed for the telegram, and the boy was gone. I held it in my hands. I turned it over. I looked at it. Somehow, I hardly dared open it. But at last it was opened and I read: 'Maude died two hours ago of heart disease. Come at once.'

"Crushing the telegram in my hands I fell to the floor. The servants hearing the noise were awakened and found me there. For weeks I was ill with brain fever. In my delirium I was only conscious that Maude and Hartley were with me. I talked to them, and they in turn seemed to talk to me. It was all very strange to the watchers at my bedside.

"At last one day I recovered consciousness, and, opening my eyes, I saw Mollie Hartley sitting by my bedside. She was fanning me. Seeing my inquiring look she got up from her chair, and bent over me and said: 'Now you must be very quiet and not talk until you are a little stronger. We are all taking the best of care of you and the doctor says you are going to get well.' I smiled at her, and said: 'Yes, Mollie, I will do as you say,' and closing my eyes, in a moment was fast asleep.

"Day by day my strength returned. Little by little it came to me that it was best that it should be so; that it was as Hartley had said. *They were one from the beginning.* Mollie had never known of the breach that had taken place between her brother and myself, and she told me that she had a dream on night shortly after she heard that Maude had passed away and I was taken ill. She said she dreamed that her brother and Maude stood by her bedside; that they looked very happy, and she said it almost seemed to her to be real; that they both said to her to go to Warren. 'He needs your help and care.' She said that next day she could not get it out of her mind, and the next night she had the same dream, and so she had come to me and had cared for me through the weeks of my illness.

"It would be rather difficult to describe my state of mind during the weeks that followed. I missed Maude very much, and yet I had a feeling that she had never been in reality so close to me as she had to Hartley. I had never used any undue

influence such as Hartley had suggested just before the boat race; my mind was free and blameless as regards that. Nevertheless, I could not justify my own course; I had known that Hartley loved her and I had come between the dearest friend I had on earth and the woman he loved. I had separated them for a time, but in God's eternal law that separation could not be a permanent one; for whom He hath joined together no man can put asunder.

"The more I thought about it the more fully I became convinced of the truth of Hartley's statement: '*We were one from the beginning,*' and dwelling on that at last brought a sense of peace and rest to my mind, so that instead of dreading Hartley's reappearance I rather longed for it. It was a number of months before I fully regained my strength, then I determined to take a trip to Europe. The morning I was to leave a number of my friends came to the steamer to bid me good-by. Among others was Mollie. As she bade me good-by I noticed that her lip quivered, and I could notice also that tears stood in her eyes.

"The lines had no more than been cast off when I was longing to be back with Mollie. Every day during the voyage I thought of her, and every day she seemed to grow nearer to me. I spent a week of two in London, and then went to Switzerland where I remained six or eight weeks. I spent a year in Europe, drifting about from one place to another. I wanted to return to America, but something held me back. When a boy I had a longing to go to Egypt, and now that I had the opportunity I made up my mind to go there and spend the winter. Arriving at Alexandria I put up at Shepherd's Hotel. During all this time I had seen nothing of Maude or Hartley. The first night after arriving at Alexandria I passed through a peculiar experience.

"I had just retired for the night, when, like a flash, all the life force left me. I was unable to move any part of my body. My first thought was that I had been paralyzed, but a few minutes showed me plainly that I had separated myself from the physical form. My mind at first was filled with a sensation of fear, but that quickly passed away and a sense of free-

dom and lightness came to me such as I had never before experienced in my life. Just then the thought of Mollie came into my mind, and, for a brief space, it seemed as though I was flying through the air. Oh, the exhilaration, the freedom of it all! It was something that defies description. All at once I realized I was in a room and before me was a young girl with arms on the table and head resting in both hands. I could not see her face, but I knew it was Mollie. As I stood there looking at her, I realized that I loved her as I had never loved before in all my life. Just then she dropped her hands to the table and I could see that her face was pale and had a pathetic look. Her lips moved, and I heard her speak very low, but very distinctly. 'Oh, how I wish he would come home. It is so lonely without him.' Then the head dropped down upon the hands on the table, and I could see she was absorbed in thought. How I longed to make myself known to her! Every particle of my being seemed to throb with love for the woman before me. As I stood looking down upon her I became conscious that someone else was in the room. Looking up I saw Hartley and Maude coming toward us. They were both looking radiantly happy. They went to Mollie and I thought: 'Now she must know that they are there,' because she glanced up with a pleased look on her face. But soon I was conscious that she was not aware of their presence. They both bent over and kissed her, then they came to me and they seemed so glad to see me. I talked with them both as plainly as I am talking to you here to-night. It is not necessary that I should dwell on the conversation. There are some things in life that are too sacred to put into words. One thing, however, was certain; that whatever wrong I had done had been fully forgiven. Another thing I cannot refrain from telling you. Just as we were about to separate Hartley said: 'Warren, Mollie loves you very much. If you do not go to her soon she is likely to join us. Watch over her, dear old fellow. I know you will be kind and true to her,' and then, with a good-by and smiles on both their faces they passed out of my sight. An instant later I had left Mollie's presence and was away on my aerial journey.

"I need not tell you of the wonderful experiences I passed through that night. The things I heard and saw surpass all description. Suffice to say that I returned to the body with a realization such as I had never before experienced; that it was only a temple for the living man.

"That night's experience to some degree changed my whole life. The things that the world hold most dear to me are only the shadows of reality.

"Next morning I sent a cablegram to Mollie that I was coming home, and a few days after I left Alexandria, and in less than three weeks was home. Without stopping anywhere I went directly to Mr. Hartley. I rang the bell and was ushered into the parlor. A minute or two later Mollie came into the room. I cannot tell how it all took place, but, somehow, in less than a minute's time I had Mollie in my arms, and there was a sense of happiness in my heart such as I never hoped to experience in life. Some six months later we were married in the same little church and by the same dear old clergyman who had performed the first service. As the years go by Mollie and I become more and more at one in thought and purpose. There is only one thing in my life that I have not talked to her about, and that is the story I have told you to-night. When you noticed me with what looked to you like a smile of recognition on my face, Hartley and Maude were here. They come to me very often, and apart from Mollie and my mother they are dearer to me than anyone else. I have given you the secret of my life; something I thought should never cross my lips to any human being. What I have told you to me is very real, but to you it may seem the phantasy of a disordered mind. Put your own interpretation upon it."

I again assured him that I not only believed in him as a man, but believed that very word he had told me was true. Just then the bell rang and Mrs. Clifford entered. The hour was late, and so, taking my coat and hat, I bade them good-night, thinking, as I went away, that there were more things in heaven and earth than my philosophy had dreamed.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

HENRY D. LLOYD—AN APOSTLE OF PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY.

The cause of progress and human enfranchisement sustained a great loss on the 28th of last September when that valiant apostle of social justice, Henry Demarest Lloyd, passed from earth. He fell with his armor on, dying as he had lived, battling for the cause of Democracy. The cold that developed into a fatal attack of pneumonia was contracted while addressing mass-meetings and working to aid the people of Chicago to rid themselves of the oppression of corrupt public service corporations that have long plundered the people and debauched the public servants.

The past fifty years has produced no finer or more inspiring example of a true son of Democracy than was found in the unostentatious life of this tireless toiler for the happiness of others—this self-forgetting American who, with wealth and culture at command, became a voice for the downtrodden and oppressed and the way-shower of Progress along the peaceful highways of justice.

Mr. Lloyd was born in Belleville, New Jersey, May 1, 1847. He was educated at Columbia University, New York City. After graduating, he became a lecturer on Political Economy. He also studied law and was admitted to the New York bar in 1869. For some time he served as secretary of the American Free Trade League, and in 1872 he moved to Chicago where he accepted a position on the Chicago *Tribune*. Here he labored so conscientiously and so ably, that ere long he was promoted to an important position on the editorial staff. He was with the *Tribune* until 1885. These thirteen years in practical American journalism supplementing his University education and his mastery of law was a vital part of the schooling necessary to thoroughly equip him for the great work he was destined to achieve for the cause of Free Institutions and justice to the wealth creators in the titanic struggle between man and money. His journalistic labors had necessarily taken him behind the scenes where he saw on every hand the unmistakable

evidences of a rapidly rising community of wealth—a commercial feudalism whose growth was as phenomenal as its influence was malign. He realized the truth expressed by a fellow journalist as early as 1880, who, in an eastern daily had said, "While the people of the United States have been dreaming of an enlarged and perfected liberty, a tyranny with the heart and structure of the devil-fish had been growing about them."*

He had time and again seen startling illustrations of the truth of Shakespeare's words:

"In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law."

He had seen with ever increasing alarm the twining of the tentacles of corporate wealth around the capitol at Washington, the State Legislature and the municipal governments. He had seen other tentacles slowly, silently but steadily and surely enwrapping the great daily press, the colleges, and the churches.

He noted the fact, that time and again labor after being starved and goaded to some overt act by the corporations, whose master-spirit had acquired millions of dollars that had been earned by others, was held up to the world as a dangerous element to be watched and treated much as if it were inherently criminal. The wrongs that the toilers endured were either denied or covered up but the sporadic instances of retaliation were grossly exaggerated and treated as typical of a lawless spirit that it was alleged was characteristic of the workers in factory, mine, and mill. All these things were known to be simple facts by the conscientious journalists of wide experience, and he determined to consecrate his life to the cause of imperilled Democracy and oppressed labor, even though in so doing he would be compelled to unmask the great, daring, and powerful criminals, who cloaked oppression, lawlessness, corruption, and robbery under the mantle of gilded hypocrisy and who, while ruthlessly crushing the weak sought to buy prestige and respectability by bribing the powerful and silencing the voice of justice in the church, the college, and state through lavish expenditure of ill-gotten gold. Scores, if not hundreds, of journalists from one end of the land to the other were as well acquainted with the ominous happenings of the day as was Mr.

**Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, December 2, 1880.

Lloyd. They knew from recent exposures that the integrity of government was being systematically undermined by corporate power. Only a few years before the New York Anti-Monopoly League* had shown that the people's servants, not only legislators but the judiciary from County Judges to the Justices of the Supreme Court were being systematically obligated to the public service corporations by those most insidious and effective forms of bribery, "free-passes" and "courtesies." They had, moreover, been acquainted through the publication of the Huntington Letters,† of the secret acts of the two great railroad corporations, the Pennsylvania and the Southern Pacific and of the corrupt practising by which they subverted government and corrupted the people's representatives. Moreover, these journalists had not forgotten the high-handed crime perpetrated in the fair San Joaquin Valley, California, which embraced murder and the wholesale robbery of the helpless farmers by the railroad corporation,‡ and the newspaper men knew that these revelations were typical of crimes being perpetrated by the new feudalism of capital on every hand, yet most of them were very poor. They had to depend on their position for the support of their families and they knew only too well what it meant for the poor journalist to offend corporate wealth. Others had fallen under the deadly spell of materialistic pessimism and held that the power of the Octopus was already so great that resistance would be futile, while a third class cared more for ease, popularity, the creature comforts and preferments than for the cause of Justice and Democracy, and so few voices were raised in behalf of honest industry or against the corruption that already imperilled the republic. Happily for the high interest of justice and civilization Mr. Lloyd possessed in addition to ripe culture and a clean heart, a competency that rendered

*In 1880 the New York State Anti-Trust Monopoly League gained possession of a number of passes given to the people's servants by public service corporations. Among these free passes was one issued by the New York Central Railroad to a Justice of the Supreme Court, while two other passes were issued to a County Judge, one by the City Steamboat Co., and the other by the D. & H. Canal Railroad Co.

†The Huntington letters were put in evidence in a suit instituted at Santa Rosa, California, by the widow of General Colton, to secure money alleged to be due her husband at the time of his death for services rendered to the Huntington Railroad interest. The letters were, at the time of the trial, published verbatim in the *San Francisco Chronicle* and taken together, formed one of the most amazing records of how the railroads have influenced legislation that has ever appeared.

‡The facts of this famous tragedy created a profound impression at the time. They have been made the subject of two notable novels, the "Octopus," by the late Frank Norris, and "Driven from Sea to Sea," by C. C. Post.

him independent of his chosen profession, and, therefore, it was impossible for the corporations to silence him by demanding his dismissal on pain of the withdrawal of advertisements and the patronage that corporate wealth could control.

It was in 1889 that the great crime against honest industry was perpetrated by corporate greed at Spring Valley, Illinois. It was a black deed, one of those blood spots that stain so many pages of the history of corporations in the United States. Perhaps it was no more tragic or inhuman than many other moral crimes that had been perpetrated; certainly it had no such widespread demoralizing or tragic influence as that which marked the growth of such monopolies as the Standard Oil Company, but within the compass of a single growing town, it would be difficult to find more tragedy or hopeless misery due solely to heartless avarice than was witnessed in this once flourishing, and happy village of Spring Valley, now doomed to gratify the insatiable cupidity of a few millionaires. Here was a concrete example of heartless greed—criminal rapacity that was as typical of corporate methods as it was destructive to the genius of Free Government. It was passing into history with little notice being taken of its enormity when suddenly, clear and strong, a voice of protest rang out.

In 1890, Henry D. Lloyd published that wonderful volume, so simple in diction yet so supremely tragic in its statement, "The Strike of the Millionaires Against the Miners."

It is a history of a crime such as might well bring a blush of shame to the cheek of every patriotic American. It is a simple story, told with directness and force, the work of a careful, painstaking, and conscientious historian, rather than the florid creation of a poet. It is a dark, gruesome, and almost incredible story of brutal moral criminality, but at every point it is fortified with conclusive proof of its accuracy. This book produced a profound impression wherever read. It raised the interrogation and exclamation points before corporate rapacity as they had seldom been raised before. It revealed the fact that America possessed a fine scholar, a careful and authoritative writer, who was absolutely fearless in exposing the most powerful criminals. "The Strike of the Millionaires Against the Miners," however, was but the opening skirmish in Mr. Lloyd's great battle against the aggression of predatory wealth, the oppression of the laboring masses and the corruption of the national government. In 1894 appeared that greatest of all arraignments of corporate corruption and lawlessness, "Wealth Against Commonwealth." This volume is well calculated to

strike something akin to terror to the heart of every friend of Justice and Democracy. The revelations it contained were so amazing, and the exposure of criminality that had proved to be superior to law was so astounding, that the reader could not fail to arise from its perusal with a feeling of profound disquietude. Every page evinced the most careful preparation. The exposures were fortified at every point with incontestable proof. In it the criminal history of the Standard Oil Monopoly has been laid bare and proved to be a story of such moral turpitude as finds no parallel in the history of modern criminal rapacity. It is the history of the rise of a mighty power that has cast a portentous shadow over the republic and which has ruthlessly crushed and ruined competitors on every hand, breaking up and rendering penniless scores upon scores of brave, honest, and upright men, whose only offence was the possession of oil-lands and the refusal to yield them up to the "oil octopus" at a nominal price. Here we find laid bare the details of the famous secret conspiracy with the railroads by which the independent oil producers were wantonly robbed by the public carriers for the enrichment of the Standard Oil Company. Here also is laid bare the facts of the blowing up of the Mathew's Refinery, and here is the history of the corrupt practices which this great trust has employed to influence government. In short, it is a revelation of commercial brigandage that has few if any parallels in the history of civilization. These two books did very much to arouse the more thoughtful of our people; but in each instance they tended to produce a most depressing influence on the mind. They left a feeling of hopelessness as to the outlook, revealing as they did the victorious march of corporate wealth triumphing at every turn over the people and the cause of Justice. The feeling of helplessness born of their revelations inclined many to the belief that it was useless to attempt to battle against such powerful and strongly entrenched influences. "Show us the way out of this labyrinth of iniquity where the very air seems to stupify moral energies." Such was the demand on the part of the conscience element, and Mr. Lloyd was quick to appreciate the importance of following his exposures with works of another kind; works that would show the people a rational and peaceful way out of the darkness into the light of democracy.

He knew that a baleful change had come over the public mind during the past fifty years, that wherein the first half of the last century it was the pride of the American people to be regarded as the political and moral leaders of the governments of the

world—the daring innovators and initiators of popular legislation—now a halting timidity, carefully fostered by the corporations and partisan political machinery, had overtaken the electorate. When a measure was proposed to meet the evils in government and the abuses rife on every hand, the first question asked would be “Where has it been attempted?” “Has any other nation tried it?” and if you answered “no,” the objector at once expressed distrust at the proposal. In a word, Mr. Lloyd saw what all thoughtful friends of democracy have beheld with sorrow and alarm, the government of the United States falling from the high position of moral leader of the progressive peoples to that of a camp follower among the nations. This changed condition, he at once set to work to meet.

At his own expense he sailed to Europe, his first thought being that of making an exhaustive study of the working of Direct Legislation in Switzerland, for he had recognized the fact which all the more thoughtful friends of republican institutions have since come to appreciate, that through the Initiative, the Referendum, and Proportional Representation more than through any other reform measures lies the solution of the gravest problems that confront the republic to-day. On reaching Europe, however, his attention was called to the wonderful work being carried on by the Coöperative organizations of Great Britain and Ireland. He therefore turned his attention to this great movement, and after a personal examination extending over several months, he returned to America and prepared his remarkable volume entitled “Labor Co-partnership,” the first comprehensive account of this wonderful economic movement that had appeared on this side of the waters.

Next, Mr. Lloyd left the comforts of his beautiful home and at his own expense sailed to New Zealand where he spent several months in the careful and exhaustive study of the Democratic innovations in that wonderfully progressive New England of the Southern Ocean. On his return, he wrote two works that have become standard authorities in their special sphere, “Newest England,” and “A Country Without Strikes.” In these volumes are described the marked advance made in New Zealand through truly democratic and eminently successful innovations, including government ownership and operation of railways, telegraphs, and telephones, the Postal Savings bank, government insurance, old age pensions, state employment for out-of-works, the abolition of land speculation through taxation and national court conciliation or arbitration for the settlement of labor disputes. These works like “Wealth Against

Commonwealth" are crowded with authoritative facts of inestimable value to reformers.

Later he went to Germany to make a study of the rise of socialism in the land of the Kaiser.

The great service rendered by this clear-headed apostle of Democracy and Social Justice through his written works has been splendidly supplemented by practical labors in behalf of free government.

Mr. Lloyd in common with the more discerning students of Democratic government early saw that corruption by the corporations and the systematic plundering of the people for the enrichment of a few, had been rendered possible by the virtual taking of the municipal, state, and national government away from the control of the people. This had been accomplished by the united action of the public service companies and other monopolies on the one hand and political bosses gaining control of partisan machines and dictating nominations favorable to the interests of predatory wealth on the other. This unholy alliance was each year more completely wresting the government from the electorate and without change in form or name was transforming the republic into a government completely dominated by corporations and bosses. Nowhere was this more in evidence than in municipal politics where public service companies were robbing the people and debauching their representatives, and Mr. Lloyd, whose residence was at Winnetka, Illinois, headed a movement to secure the benefits of direct legislation in so far as his own town government was concerned. He was the master spirit in inaugurating the now famous Winnetka Rule of Procedure by which all nominees were compelled to go on record before election by stating where they stood in reference to leading issues to be brought before the municipality. The complete victory of the Reformers at Winnetka gave great impetus to the good government movement throughout the United States, and in a large way led to the great national movement now being vigorously pushed by the Federation for Majority Rule under the able leadership of Mr. George H. Shibley.

During the great coal strike Mr. Lloyd was chosen as one of the counsel for the miners, and his services at that time were of inestimable value to the cause of organized labor.

The books to which I have called attention, his work for the restoration of democratic government in the place of the rule of corporations and party bosses, and his defense of the rights

of the working men were, however, by no means all the public labors that mark his fruitful life.

For the last thirteen years, I know no apostle of Social Righteousness who has labored more tirelessly or sanely for the cause of justice and peaceful progress than this noble patriot who was in the highest sense, the friend of man and the servant of God.

And above all else, above his splendid works which will live in the literature of Social Progress, above his personal efforts as a public spirited citizen and as a champion of the toilers, rises his fine, true character.

He has gone, but his splendid work and his glorious life remain. He has gone, yet his work is just begun and his influence will grow with the awakening conscience of the coming years. He was noble in life because he lived completely for the happiness of others. He was triumphant in death, because he leaves behind him an untarnished fame and the finest monument that man can bequeath to humanity—work that will continue to bless and elevate the citizens and dignify and ennoble the state.

"Alike are life and death.
When life in death survives
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.

Where a star quenched on high
For Ages would its light
Still travelling downward from the sky
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."

* * *

THE IMPERATIVE DEMANDS OF THE AMERICAN FARMER.

The Farmers' National Congress held at Niagara Falls the latter part of September was one of the most important gatherings of recent years. The convention was marked by the conservative temper which usually characterizes agrarian population during periods of good crops and fair prices. This fact which was constantly in evidence made the adoption of the following outspoken resolutions very significant as showing that the most conservative of the wealth creators are becoming

thoroughly tired of governmental subserviency to public service corporations, trusts and monopolies and to indifference in regard to the wants of the people as a whole.

Whereas, One-third of the revenues of Great Britain are derived from a graduated tax upon incomes, the ratio increasing in proportion to the size of the income and

Whereas, By the change of opinion of one Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, the income tax levied by Congress, which has been constitutional for more than 100 years, was suddenly held unconstitutional, thus transferring \$100,000,000 of annual taxation from those most able to bear it and placing it upon those least able to bear it, whereby already in these 10 years the masses have paid \$1,000,000,000 in taxation which the people through their representatives in both houses of Congress had ordered should be paid by income tax. Now, therefore

Resolved, We earnestly petition Congress to enact a constitutional amendment to be submitted to the Legislatures of the several States empowering Congress to levy a graduated income tax.

Resolved, That this Congress respectfully petitions the Federal Congress to pass a constitutional amendment to be submitted to the several Legislatures providing for the election of United States Senators.

Resolved, That we urge upon Congress the establishment of a parcel post, a postal telegraph, and postal savings banks in order that our postoffice may render as complete a service as the postal systems of other civilized lands.

Resolved, That we favor broadening the parcels transportation facilities of the present postal system by increasing its maximum weight, and decreasing the charge from that now prevailing in the third and fourth-class matter.

Resolved, That it is the sense of the Farmers' National Congress that the Federal Congress and the various State Legislatures should enact such additional legislation as may be necessary to control and regulate all such business combinations (commonly called trusts) as combine for the purpose of arbitrarily controlling the prices and output of all products either of the farmer or factory, as may be inimical to the interests of either producer or consumer.

And that such laws as may have been and shall be enacted shall be strictly enforced, and we respectfully request the executive officers, both Federal and State, to appoint and retain in office only those persons who will faithfully execute such laws.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Congress is hereby tendered the Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture of the United States, for his efficient and untiring efforts in behalf of the interests of the agricultural people of this country, and for the comprehensive plan upon which he has organized the work of his department.

Resolved, That we heartily endorse the non-partisan movement for

the extension of the use of the referendum, and recommend the subject to the careful consideration of the farmers in all our States.

These resolutions, coming from the most truly conservative element of our population are highly significant. The income tax decision in which the quick change of front on the part of one of the Judges of the Supreme Court resulted in shifting hundreds of millions of dollars of taxation from the very rich and those best able to bear it upon those least able to bear it, is touched upon in a temperate but suggestive manner. According to the old adage, "A word to the wise is sufficient," but unhappily the party bosses feeling the strong trusts and corporations behind them and having been able to disregard and betray the people so often that they have grown to entertain an ill-disguised contempt for the electorate, are not likely to heed the warning of this well-considered remonstrance of patriotic Americans. The demands for parcel-post, postal telegraph, postal savings banks, and for broadening the postal transportation facilities are mild expressions of the overwhelming popular demand for these positive and needed progressive movements and changes, demands that would long since have been heeded had it not been for the fact that the Post-office Department has been subservient to corporate interests where the latter has been positive and determined in their efforts to prevent the people from enjoying the benefits and blessings which governments less tyrannized over by Class Rule and special interest are to-day enjoying.

The trust resolution is more significant for its gentle hint to the administration than for any other thing. "We respectfully request," so runs the resolution, "the executive officers, both Federal and State, to appoint and retain in office, only those persons who will faithfully execute such laws." It is necessary to say that the coal trust and coal railroads will be too considerate to Mr. Knox to call the president's attention to this resolution.

The resolution favorable to Secretary Wilson is just and deserved. Mr. Wilson has made the Agricultural Department an honor to the republic and has placed our nation in a leading position in this respect. The Agricultural Department is as progressive and worthy of praise, as the Post-office Department is behind the times in all matters where corporate interests clash with public interest.

We are especially gratified to see the demand for popular election of United States Senators and the endorsement of the Referendum. The farmers have been slow to realize the im-

portance of the Initiative and Referendum at the present crisis where monopoly interests at every point are seeking to defeat the interest in the masses. When they appreciate the fact that these ideal republican measures will give them the needed power to meet and overthrow the tyranny of corporate Rule, they will be foremost in demanding them, and the resolution in favor of a Referendum indicates the drift of sentiment to be in the way of progress and pure Democracy. In so far as they go, the resolutions are admirably and highly creditable to the Farmer's Congress.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.*

TOLSTOY AND HIS MESSAGE. By Ernest H. Crosby. Cloth. Pp. 93. Price 50 cents net. New York, Funk & Wagnalls Co.

We are glad to see the growing favor being accorded to brief biographies and studies of the thought and work of the good and great. Biography when well written is one of the most interesting and helpful forms of literature, but unhappily few persons possess the faculty for making those who have really lived and wrought for humane progress half so real or convincing as the great novelists make their principal characters. Too much space is usually given to dry and for the most part profitless details about ancestry, while infrequently the most unimportant and prosaic facts of early life are dwelt upon with tedious minuteness wholly out of proportion to their merits. In the brief brochure we escape this latter fault, even though the limited space assigned to the externals of life may prevent the author from bringing the reader into so close and sympathetic personal touch with the great man or woman as could be desired. Yet, as a rule, it is not so much in the facts of the physical life, aside from their bearing upon the consistency of the character and the personal expressions of the author's thought that vitally concerns us. The character, the thought and the acts that are the fruitage of the thought—the outblossoming of the real life in conduct, these are the supreme points of vital interest and value in the career of the real leaders of civilization, and these demands are, as a rule, admirably met in the brief biographies and studies that are now rapidly gaining public favor.

Perhaps the most noted recent work of this character is Ernest H. Crosby's new study of his great master, "Count Leo Tolstoy and His Message." The biographical facts are tantalizingly few, but they serve to introduce us to the real man, and are the key to the later life and the unique philosophy of the great Russian.

Count Tolstoy was born into one of the highly aristocratic families of Russia. He was the heir to great estates, and had before him all those things which the young who see in life nothing beyond the horizon of physical enjoyment and achievements on the material plane are wont to imagine the essentials to the happy life. But in the web and woof of his being was a deep soul hunger that craved the higher things of life. Emerson tells us that "The fiend that man harries is love of the best," and certain it is that the angel of a noble discontent ever haunted the Russian boy. He strove to live nobly, but almost every influence that environed his early years favored loose conduct and way-

*Books intended for review in *THE ARENA* should be addressed to B. O. Flower, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

ward living. The morals of the Russian court and aristocracy were so bad as to render it almost impossible for a child reared in the atmosphere of high social circles to escape the blight of dissipation or immorality. At length an incident occurred that awakened young Tolstoy's sense of justice, and he beheld the essential injustice of the social order. At this time, he took a positive upward step, and later, by a series of dramatic incidents, he was successively led, step by step, into the light of a high pure life. His great victory, however, came after much wandering through the highways and byways, and after he had passed through college and the schooling of war in the Crimea. The sketch of his struggle out of the darkness of egoism into the light of altruism, and the finding of his true self after he had been so distracted by doubts and tumultuous mental conflicts that he barely escaped committing suicide, is simply and charmingly told by Mr. Crosby, and through these passages the reader is led into such intimate rapport with the great Apostle of Renunciation that he follows with deep interest the author's luminous exposition of his message, which is one of the most inspiring and needed discussions that has appeared in months.

Mr. Crosby has preserved the critical spirit throughout his work. In the close of his book he thus sums up the striking contrasts of this wonderful life:

"And here we leave this great teacher—great especially in his candor and simplicity. A strange figure—this peasant nobleman, this aristocrat, born into the ruling class of an aristocracy, who condemns all government and caste; this veteran of two wars who proscribes all bloodshed, this keen sportsman turned vegetarian, this landlord who follows Henry George, this man of wealth who will have nothing to do with money, this famous novelist who thinks that he wasted his time in writing most of his novels, this rigid moralist, one of whose books at least, the *Kreutzer Sonata*, was placed under the ban of the American Post-Office. That same dramatic instinct which made him a great novelist, which impelled Sir Henry Irving to rank his two plays among the best of the past century, and which, as we have seen, has so often led him to find lessons in the active world around him—this same instinct has made of this least theatrical and most self-forgetful of men the dramatic prefigurement in his own person of a reunited race, set free by love from the shackles of caste and violence. As it was with the prophets of old, so with him, there is a deeper significance in his life, in the tragedy of himself, than in the burden of his spoken message. He is the protagonist to-day of the drama of the human soul. A stage which can put forward such a protagonist has no reason for despair."

Whether the reader is ready to follow the austere prophet of Russia in all his conclusions or not, no one can read his message and its meaning as given by Mr. Crosby without having his soul nourished, his moral nature strengthened, and his aspirations and ideals exalted. The book is instinct with spiritual vitality. It can not fail to affect the sensitive and serious mind that reaches upward, but that feels the weight of the materialism of modern life much as the bracing mountain air affects the physical constitution of one who has been ener-

vated by the miasma of the low lands. It is a book which every reader of *THE ARENA* should possess, and after reading it he should see that it finds its way into the hands of friends who are seeking something finer and truer than husks of conventionalism and present-day dogmatic and formal religion.

MAZZINI: THE PROPHET OF THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY. By Louis J. Rozenberg. Cloth. Pp. 86. Chicago, Ill., Charles H. Kerr & Co.

The principal criticism we would make against this little work is its brevity. The subject is so timely and vital, and Mr. Rozenberg, though in thorough sympathy with Mazzini, evinces such intelligent discrimination that had he given five times the space to the theme, the work would have been none too long.

Mazzini is destined to become more and more a guide and counselor and an inspirer to those who love and have faith, who think and feel. Not merely because he was a prophet soul over-mastered by the divine afflatus as surely as was St. Paul over-mastered by the heavenly illumination on the way to Damascus, but because he was at once an idealist who dared to live his dream, an apostle of exalted faith, who showed his faith by his works, a man to whom the voice of duty was the voice of God and one who consecrated his whole existence to the service of humanity. We know of no nineteenth century thinker so filled with enthusiasm for humanity, or more wholly unselfish in his devotion to the cause of Democracy than Mazzini. He was preëminently a prophet, and, as Mr. Rozenberg points out, the prophet plays a cardinal role among the contributors to civilization and benefactors of humanity. "They are the keepers of the fire of faith. They encourage us and lend us treasures of hope. They girdle us with moral strength and awaken us whenever our senses of duty slumber. They are the heaven sent orators, the inspirers upon earth, the light bearers of the ages." Mazzini's views on the religion of his time and the coming religion are thus admirably summed up by our author:

"To Mazzini, who considered current religion to consist mainly of symbols and rites, it seemed that the existing creeds had little life. To him they seemed to belong absolutely to the past. 'Perhaps in religion, as in politics,' he says, 'the age of the symbol is passing away, and a solemn manifestation may be approaching of the idea as yet hidden in that symbol. Perhaps the discovery of a new relation—that of the individual to humanity—may lay the foundation of a new religious bond, as the relation of the individual with God has been the soul of Christianity.' . . . Mazzini's conception of religion, then—as you can readily infer from what is cited—was a religion that would tend to the immediate embetterment of man. . . . 'We wish him,' he says, in that essay, 'to have more love, more feeling for the beautiful, the great and the true; that the ideal which he pursues shall be purer, more divine; that he shall feel his own dignity, shall have more respect for his immortal soul.' . . . In his essay, 'Faith and the Future,' he says: 'I have faith in God, the power of truth, and in the historic

logic of things. I feel in my inmost heart that the delay is not for long. The principle which was the soul of the old world is exhausted. It is our part to clear the way for the new principle, and should we perish in the undertaking, it shall yet be cleared."

Our author quotes Victor Hugo's epigrammatic characterization, "Jesus wept and Voltaire smiled!" as descriptive of those two great voices of protest, and he adds:

"Mazzini felt. This is Mazzini summed up. A tear is the monument of Jesus, a smile that of Voltaire, a pulsation of the heart that of Mazzini.

"He did not always see clearly, but he always felt intensely. I repeat, Mazzini felt. He felt for the poor, he felt for the oppressed, he felt for the ignorant, for the superstitious, for the enslaved. He felt for those who build the palaces and live in huts; for those who print the books and have no occasion to read; for those who make the clothes and go in rags; for those who create the useful and get the useless; for those who produce the most and own the least; and out of that feeling came a cry, a cry of the heart perhaps, more than of the head, but a thundering cry none the less. A cry which impelled Pius IX to leave Rome in 1849 in the middle of the night; a cry which made the kings of Europe tremble on their thrones; a cry whose echo becomes louder with each vibration of the social wind-wave.

"As Mazzini would not have kings own bodies, so he would not have priests own souls. As he opposed government by brute force, so he opposed government by superstition and fear. He was one of the most candid Republicans of our age; one of the most ardent lovers of freedom of the nineteenth century. He was not a single man, he was, he is, an epoch, a chapter in history. He is the incarnation of the struggling genius of Italy. He is the prophet of the rising religion.

"Yes, he, if any man of our age, was one of those chosen sons of God, who was impelled by an inner force to come forth and tell the people, the cynical and sceptical people of Europe, that while Papacy is extinct, religion endures forever; that while it is true that the old forms of religion are dying, Religion *per se* is eternal; that though injustice is prevalent, justice is, after all, destined to triumph; that there is a sacred law of right; that there is a law which governs this universe; that there is a law of progress; that the 'kingdom of heaven' is at hand, and that if we will work for it, we will reach it."

These quotations illustrate the style and the view-point of the author. The little book rings true at every point. It is so good that we regret its brevity.

THE NEW THOUGHT SIMPLIFIED. By Henry Wood. Cloth. Pp. 187. Price 80 cents net; by mail 88 cents. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

Mr. Wood, to a greater degree than any other present day essayist with whom we are acquainted, invests his writings with a charm that is compelling in its influence over the reader. Clarity of thought, simplicity in language, and a finished style are in all his works so combined that subjects which in the hands of less competent authors or less finished masters of composition would be involved and perplexing, are made not only perfectly clear and intelligible, but charmingly rational and engaging.

His new book is a masterpiece in these respects. The mind that is naturally unresponsive to metaphysical or transcendental philosophy will find here a clear cut and wonderfully simple yet luminous presentation of the "New Thought Philosophy" that is as free from technical or cumbersome terms as it is of involved sentences and verbose phraseology which marks so much metaphysical literature.

The volume contains twenty-three chapters and an appendix containing practical mental exercises that will be of aid to those seeking mastery of thought and through this the mastership of the body. Among the leading topics discussed in the volume are "The Law of Laws," "Thought Habit," "Thought Selection," "How to get into the New Thought," "The Comely Human Body," "The Right Idea of God," "Faith," "Scientific Prayer," "Overcoming Sleeplessness," "Conscious and Unconscious Varieties of Faith Cure." Six of the chapters deal with the "New Thought" in relation to "The Bible," "The Church," "Christian Science," "Religion," "Modern Reform," and the "Medical Profession."

The broad, rational, tolerant and candid spirit that permeates the work greatly enhances its worth for philosophical students. It is a book that has long been needed, and we rejoice to know that it has been written by a thinker so well qualified to present it in the best possible manner. It is a book that cannot fail to make for sanity, health and happiness, a book that is exalting and wholesome, and one that should be read by every person interested in great New Thought or Transcendental movements of our day.

TO-MORROW'S TANGLE. By Geraldine Bonner. Illustrated. Pp. 458. Price \$1.50. Indianapolis, Ind., The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"To-morrow's Tangle" is a bright, well-written novel of California life during the bonanza mining days after the discovery of the Comstock lode. The story takes the reader off the beaten track of fiction. In many respects it is refreshingly original as well as ingenuous, something very delightful to the reviewer who is constantly called upon to peruse romances which are either imitations or imitations of imitations.

The story opens on the burning desert plains of Utah. We are introduced to a scene in which pathos is only over-shadowed by tragedy; a Mormon with two wives is crossing the plains to California. The members of the little family are almost dead from heat and fatigue. The sun, whose rays have been pitiless during the day, is lurid in setting; its very glory seems to have about it something baleful. A little child dies and another is born.

From this tragic night on the plains the scene is shifted to the gold fields of California. The mother of the little girl who was born in the desert is at the door of death, but her brutal husband orders her on after she has rested a few minutes in a miner's cabin. She remonstrates in vain. Clearly she would die on the road, but her lord and master is obdurate and one of the two miners living in the cabin is

so deeply moved by sympathy at sight of the apparently dying and wholly wretched, woe-begone looking mother with the starved child, that after trying to persuade the husband to leave the wife at the cabin until he could return to her with a vehicle, he accepts the Mormon's offer to buy his wife in exchange for two horses. Moreau, the miner who accepts this strange offer, is impelled to the generous deed purely out of sympathy.

Seldom has novelist drawn a picture of a woman less attractive than that of the sick, starved and wretched mother with a strange, hunted, and cowed expression on her wan and fleshless cheeks. Later Moreau's mining partner steals all the gold they have collected during the season and disappears, and winter settles over the cottage shutting out the outer world. Notwithstanding the fact the woman is the first wife of the Mormon whose name is Shackleton, Moreau marries her. And the little daughter of Shackleton is brought up as Moreau's child, and is well educated. She develops into a splendid young woman, very beautiful and possessing a superior singing voice. This is the prelude.

The story deals with the life of the wonderfully attractive daughter after her reputed father dies, and her real father has become a multi-millionaire. Here are tangles and snarls, cuts and cross-cuts, especially after the death of the mother, who, in her last hours, tells the daughter who her real father is.

The romance is one of absorbing interest. There are some highly dramatic situations, some rude awakenings for the innocent but high-minded maiden, and many very exciting scenes.

And then there is the sunshine after the clouds and storms. A great peace that comes with the presence of the whole-hearted love of a noble man who is a fine type of the best new world manhood—a hard working, kind, thoughtful, self-forgetting, brave yet gentle and deeply affectionate nature. To me, one of the chief charms of the book is found in the ending, where the gifted girl becomes the devoted wife of the unpretentious worker, dowered with true nobility, before the worth of which the millions of Shackleton and a splendid career as a prima donna that was offered to the girl under circumstances that she felt she could not accept, dwarf into pitiful insignificance.

PEGGY O'NEIL. By Alfred Henry Lewis. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 494. Price \$1.50. Philadelphia, Penn., Drexel Biddle.

This is one of the brightest and most readable of the historical novels of the present year. The story deals largely with Secretary Eaton's beautiful young wife, whose maiden name was Peggy O'Neil. As the reader of history will remember, this famous beauty became the social storm center during the first administration of President Jackson. She had been a tavern keeper's daughter, and when quite young had married one Timberlake, a purser on a United States man-of-war. Later, her sea-faring husband committed suicide when on the Mediterranean Sea and the beautiful young widow became an object

of envy and hatred among the less beautiful maidens and matrons of Washington. Her easy, frank, and vivacious nature, her thoughtless and perhaps at times indiscreet acts furnished a desired opportunity for gossip and scandal among those who wished to destroy any possible influence she might exert over marriagable men in the Nation's Capital. The wife of General Jackson, whom it will be remembered died before the President set out for Washington to assume the high duties to which he had been called, had known, loved, and highly respected Peggy, and this fact, as much as his natural chivalrous spirit, made General Jackson a firm friend and defender of her whom he regarded as shamefully wronged. Now, at this time John C. Calhoun aspired to the presidency and his ambitious wife, the social leader among the aristocratic elements of the city, became the head of an intrigue against Peggy which, according to Mr. Lewis, was part and parcel of the political intrigue carried forward by the partisans of Calhoun and aimed against President Jackson. These facts form the historic ground work upon which the author has constructed his romance.

The glimpses of Washington life at this period are excellent, and the character drawings are for the most part admirable. This is especially true of General Jackson and of some of the minor characters, notably, Noah, the Hebrew journalist, who was one of Jackson's ardent supporters, and it is refreshing to find a writer depicting this well-known and public spirited Israelite with the sympathetic interest of one who seeks to do justice to a character which has too frequently been the butt of partisan hate and of racial antipathy.

Nowhere, however, does Mr. Lewis's superior handiwork as a character delineator appear to such excellent advantage as in his portrayal of the negro "Jim." Only one who well knows the negro life and is thoroughly familiar with his peculiar forms of speech and expressions could have given so fine a pen-picture of the old-time darky servant as is here found.

There is no special plot and the blood curdling elements and melodramatic claptrap which abound in so many of the modern historical romances are happily absent, yet the story is full of action and dramatic interest, and it abounds in bright epigrams. Indeed, I know of no journalist or novelist of the present who possesses the gift of expressing a great deal in a brief, bright-pointed epigram in such a degree as Mr. Lewis, and this rare gift gives an element of brilliancy and interest to the volume not found in most modern historical romances.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE PARSIFAL OF RICHARD WAGNER:—The presentation of "Parsifal" in the United States will enable thousands and tens of thousands of our people to hear and see this wonderful musical drama, who otherwise would never have the opportunity of enjoying the last, and by many considered the crowning masterpiece of the greatest musical genius of the nineteenth century. Many friends and admirers of Richard Wagner who have either witnessed "Parsifal," or who have made a critical study of the music drama, believe that it is one of the noblest and most exalting creations ever placed on any stage—that it is a work that cannot fail to inspire and ennoble all spectators susceptible to high, fine, spiritual or ethical lessons. If this be true, it seems to us that though we may sympathize with the widow of the great composer in the sentimental desire to retain "Parsifal" at Bayreuth and make the little city and its famous theatre a Mecca for a fortunate few, the ethical demands of the hour, the great need for positive and vital teachings that will reach the popular imagination, is such as to overbalance any question of sentiment or exclusion in a case like this, where the work is one of those great products of genius which properly or rightly belong to the world. The lessons inculcated by "Parsifal" are lessons that are supremely important at the present time, for the spell of Klingsor is over a large proportion of society, and to-day, as seldom before, civilization calls for the service of everything calculated to exalt and stimulate the spiritual side of life and give it supremacy over the animal and material planes.

PROFESSOR MAXEY ON RECIPROCITY AND PROTECTION:—Seldom has the vexed question of "Protection and Reciprocity" been so luminously treated in the compass of a few pages as in Professor Maxey's able contribution to this number of *THE ARENA*. The issue raised is an important one. Too long has the interest of American trade and commerce, as well as the real interest of the American people, been sacrificed to the selfish demands of small groups representing special interests which are fostered by special privileges. These interests in consideration for liberal campaign funds have been able to defeat reciprocity, or, in other words, they have been enabled to buy protection which is essentially antagonistic to the interest of the people and to the commerce of the United States.

THE BELGIUM SYSTEM OF PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION:—This month we publish the first paper of the series of contributions by Robert Tyson, editor of the *Proportional Representation Review*, and the ablest authority on the subject of "Proportional Representation" in America. The opening article treats of "Proportional

Representation" in Belgium. It will be followed by a highly interesting contribution giving the result of the practical workings of this reform in Belgium.

THE CRIMINAL TREATMENT OF CRIME:—The marked and magnificent results following the sane, rational and humane treatment of early or chance offenders against the laws is admirably presented by Hon. Harris P. Cooley, Director of Public Service of Cleveland, Ohio, in this issue of *THE ARENA*. Mr. Cooley, like Mr. Ingram, the Director of Public Lighting of Detroit, who so ably discussed "Municipal Lighting" in our October number, is a representative of the new *progressive* and *conscience* school of Democratic Statesmanship. When Mayor Johnson was called to the head of the Municipal government of Cleveland, he selected Mr. Cooley as Director of Charities and Corrections. With the recent change in the form of municipal government, this office passed to the Department of Public Service. Mr. Cooley then became Director in that department while his special charge continues to be the Department of Charities and Corrections. His splendid service has attracted the attention of humanitarians in many places, and the excellent results following his wise, humane, and truly statesmanlike action demonstrates what can be done to lessen crime and save the unfortunate, where heart is united with head and the religion of the Nazarene is present in the administration of justice.

THE REPUBLIC AND NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOUR:—This is one of our series of papers dealing with the supreme issue, Plutocracy or Democracy. It is a bold but truthful description of conditions that exist and are threatening the republic, as it has never before been threatened. There are no foes so deadly as those of one's own house, none so dangerous as those who strike at the vitals, while the words of "Hail Cæsar!" are on the tongue or the "Kiss of Judas on the lips." Mr. Hendricks, who is at present a well-known member of the bar of New York City, was born in Fleming County, Kentucky, March 22, 1855, educated by his father, Rev. James P. Hendrick, D.D., and graduated from Center College, of Kentucky, class of 1873. Admitted to the bar June 8, 1876, member of the Kentucky Legislature, 1881-82, Elector for the State at large 1884, and for the Ninth Congressional District of Kentucky in 1888. Member of the Kentucky Constitutional Convention, 1890. Elected Attorney-General of Kentucky August, 1891, and served to January, 1896. On retiring from office he received from the full bench of the Kentucky court of Appeals the singular honor of an address, in which the court records its sense of the value of his services and high estimate of his worth as a man and his ability as a lawyer.

At the close of his term as Attorney-General he was employed as counsel for Kentucky in the Supreme Court of the United States in the Franchise Tax cases, which he won. The principle established in

these cases added a million dollars of new revenue annually to the treasury of Kentucky.

THE RULE OF THE PEOPLE VERSUS THE RULE OF THE CORPORATIONS:—Every patriotic American should read "The Failure of Representative Government," by Eltweed Pomeroy, A.M., in this issue, containing as it does so many citations from recent revelations and disclosures of the control of various branches of government by corporations and rings. The author, as most of our readers are aware, is President of the National Direct Legislation League and editor of the *Direct Legislation Record*. For many years he has been recognized as one of the foremost exponents of Majority Rule in the new world.

FLORENTINE DAYS:—Our readers will enjoy the delightful sketch of Florence from the pen of the gifted author, journalist, and poet, Lilian Whiting, which appears in this issue. Miss Whiting has recently returned from a prolonged visit in Italy, during which Florence naturally claimed much of her time. Like Athens and Rome, Florence is one of the intellectual capitals of the world, whose influence will be felt so long as man values art, literature, and moral worth. Here Michael Angelo and Da Vinci wrought in marble and on canvas. Here Savonarola aroused the dormant and all but paralyzed moral energies and the love of liberty in the Florentine Republic. Here Robert Browning and his gifted wife spent many of the most fruitful years of their beautiful life, and these are but representatives of the aristocracy of brain and soul which have made Florence forever dear to lovers of the beautiful, the good, and the true.

OUR PSYCHOLOGICAL STORY:—In this issue, Doctor Charles Brodie Patterson, our senior editor, contributes a "psychological story" which cannot fail to prove of special interest to our readers, as it deals in a deeply thoughtful manner with problems and truths that are more and more engrossing the attention of advanced students of psychology and psychic science. Doctor Patterson has made the philosophy of being a life study. He recognizes the supreme act emphasized by all the greatest ethical teachers of the ages, that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he surely reap, and that law prevails throughout the moral as well as the physical universe, and he furthermore appreciates what the broadest and finest thinkers of our age are coming to see more clearly than the advanced guard of any other period has realized, that the influence of our thoughts and deeds act and react upon us in ways which we little imagine, and long after we suppose their possible influence has ceased to be exerted. This story is well calculated to make the most thoughtless persons pause before committing any deed which is contrary to the promptings of the higher self, or the conscience side of his life.

THE JANUARY ARENA.

LITERARY FEATURES.

Among the interesting literary features which will mark the January issue of *THE ARENA* will be the opening paper in Mr. Charles Malloy's brilliant series of essays on the "Poetry of Ralph Waldo Emerson." This paper will be devoted to the "Sphynx," one of the greatest, if not the greatest of Emerson's poems. This series of papers as we have before announced, will deal with the "Philosophy of Life" as was wonderfully impearled in the verses of the "Concord Philosopher." The expositions will be enlivened by the introduction of many pleasing anecdotes and personal reminiscences of Mr. Emerson. Charles Malloy is recognized as the ablest exponent of the poetry of Emerson in the new world. He has made a life study of the thought and of our greatest philosopher.

In the January issue, we will publish the first story of Miss Will Allen Dromgoole's series of twelve short stories of Southern Life, written expressly for *THE ARENA*. These stories will be bright and entertaining, full of humor and pathos and marked by that intensely human element which has rendered the stories of this author so dear to tens of thousands of discerning readers.

A character sketch of Miss Dromgoole, giving a pen picture of the little Tennessee author, an outline of her life, and a discussion of her leading works will also be a feature of this number.

AGNOSTICISM AND ITS GREATEST AMERICAN EXPO-NENT:—"The Genius, Philosophy, Humanity and Influence of Robert G. Ingersoll," by Doctor Herman Kittredge, of Washington, D. C., will be a striking feature of the January *ARENA*. No summary of a life, no eulogy or tribute has appeared since the death of the great agnostic that is so well worthy to stand side by side with the most eloquent and most famous writings of Robert G. Ingersoll, as is this simple review of the "Life work and influence of the most eloquent author and the greatest exponent of free thought of the last century." In its beauty of expression, its wealth of imagery, its flowing and rhythmic sentences, its fine discrimination in regard to words, and its poetic quality, this essay is unique among recent magazine contributions, and cannot fail to be the source of pleasure and delight to all the friends and admirers of Colonel Ingersoll.


THE OTHER SIDE:—This paper will be replied to in the February *ARENA* by the famous New England Methodist Divine, the Rev. James Boyd Brady, Ph.D., D.D., who will deal with "Agnosticism and the Influence of Colonel Ingersoll" as viewed by an orthodox clergyman. This paper cannot fail to be widely read and much discussed.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

The "PROSPECTUS of THE ARENA for 1904," which has been prepared by the Editors, outlines a few of the features which will render this Magazine more attractive and interesting during the coming year than ever before. But it is necessarily very incomplete, inasmuch as it is impossible to tell what new and timely articles may be accepted for publication after a "Prospectus" has been issued. Every mail brings new manuscripts—every day brings new ideas; and in a Magazine like THE ARENA the articles must be timely and "up-to-date," they must deal with the great questions which constantly arise—with the paramount issues of the moment. The topics of discussion yesterday give place to the more important ones of to-day, and these, in turn, are supplanted by those which arise to-morrow; and, although the general policy of the publication remains unchanged, the varying topics of general interest require the Editors to be constantly upon the alert to keep the Magazine not only abreast of the times but always in advance—not to follow but to lead in PROGRESSIVE THOUGHT.

It is best, also, for many reasons, not always to announce in detail, all of the special plans which are in view. During the coming year THE ARENA will publish a series of articles starting in their topics and fearless in their treatment of them; but it would be manifestly unwise to announce these at this time. Many of the ablest men and women in this country and abroad will contribute to THE ARENA; and what they have to say will be worthy of the most careful consideration.

The great issues of the day must be recognized—they must be met thoughtfully, intelligently, fearlessly—they "will not down;" and it is the part of WISDOM to realize the present rapidly-growing evils which menace not only this Country but the World, and seek, by calling public attention to them now,



TO ENACT SUCH WISE LEGISLATION as will avert the serious troubles which otherwise seem to be inevitable!

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* * *

Among the business men (and women!) of the country there are none who work harder, and yet whose work seems to be less appreciated, than the NEWSDEALERS. To them is due the circulation throughout the United States not only of the News of the day, but the forcible Arguments of the great Editors, the Appeals to Reason of the Advanced Thinkers, which it would otherwise be difficult to procure. Their work is important and should be considered. That we may have the latest News of the World at our breakfast table the Newsdealer begins his work before sunrise; and when our day's work is done the Newsdealer is still at his stand to supply us with our copy of the evening paper or THE ARENA, which we may read with quiet restfulness and satisfaction under our lamp at home, without a thought of the Newsman (or woman!) who works on late into the night! In stormy weather, in the winter's cold, in the heat of midsummer, he is at his post; he deserves success, he deserves our thoughtful appreciation, and he should have our support.

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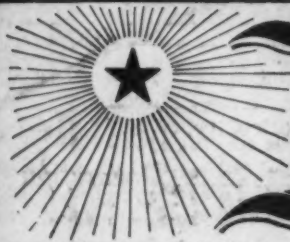
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No. 9 }

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CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON

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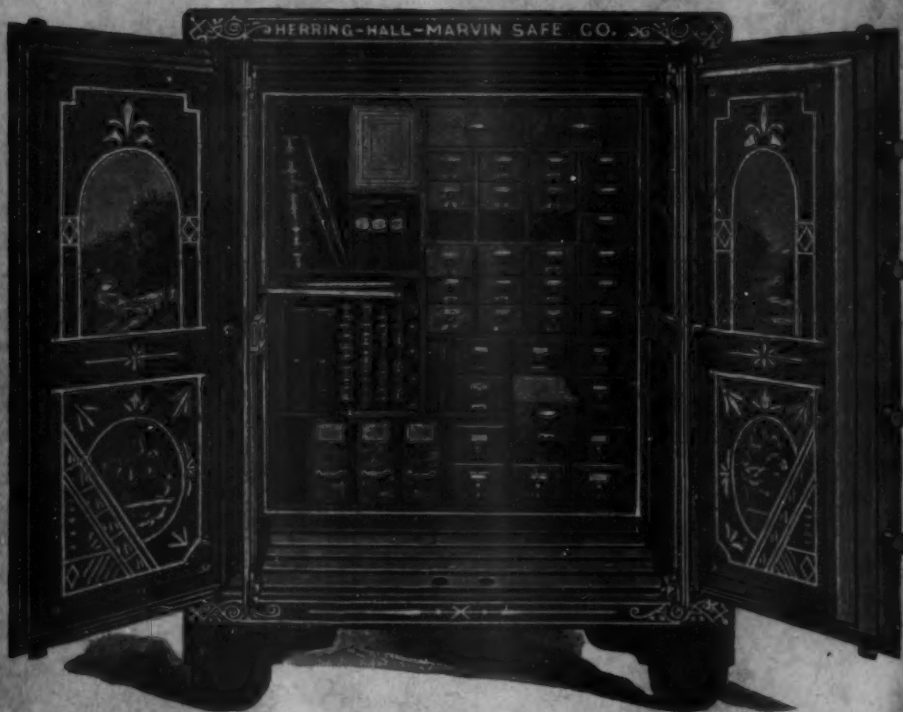
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